

F-46.112

G9665

1826

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO
THE LIBRARY OF
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB
5158

Division

Section

1850

H Y M N S

SELECTED

JUN 7 1935

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS,

FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS,

BY

PRISCILLA GURNEY.

FIRST AMERICAN FROM THE THIRD LONDON EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY BENJAMIN AND THOMAS KITF,

No. 20 North Third Street,

1826.



PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

The Hymns contained in this little volume have been selected from a variety of authors, and are intended, principally, for the use of young persons.

A large proportion of such compositions, in the numerous selections of them already existing, the editor has thought uninteresting, and some of them objectionable: she hopes, therefore, that a selection from these works of such hymns as appeared to her the best written and the most free from any exceptionable matter, may be acceptable to her young friends: and that they will derive pleasure, as well as instruction from the perusal of them.

Such compositions are easily committed to memory; and they afford a familiar and interesting method of impressing upon the mind the doctrines and precepts of religion. It is evidently of great importance, that the minds of young persons should be early stored with that knowledge, which is best calculated to promote their edification and advancement in a religious life. For this purpose, nothing is of so much importance, as the study of the Holy Scriptures, which, when perused with diligence, and in a spirit of true humility, "are able to make men wise unto salvation, through faith, which is in Christ Jesus." At the same time, we ought not to neglect any other means of Christian instruction, the advantages of which are proved by experience.

The editor has only to observe further, that in this second edition many of the hymns are given more correctly than in the former edition; a few taken away, and several new ones added.

The editor is unacquainted with the authors of those hymns in the collection, which have no name attached to them.



CONTENTS.

PART I.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

HYMN	PAGE
1 Hymn for a child	1
2 A morning hymn	1
3 An evening hymn	2
4 Hymn of praise	2
5 Give us this day our daily bread	3
6 Praise for creation and providence	3
7 Praise for mercies, spiritual and temporal	4
8 The advantages of early religion	5
9 Against quarreling and fighting	5
10 Love between brothers and sisters	6
11 Against idleness and mischief	6
12 The child's complaint	7
13 A morning hymn	7
14 Our Saviour's golden rule	8
15 Solemn thoughts on the Creator and death	8
16 Against pride in clothes	8
17 On worship	9
18 Duty to God and our neighbour	10
19 The ant, or emmet	10
20 Cradle hymn	11
21 The sluggard	12
22 The rose	13
23 The all-seeing God	13
24 Summer evening	14
25 Hymn for a child	14
26 The God of nature and providence	15
27 The example of Christ	15
28 Self-examination	16
29 The Swallow	17
30 On worship in spirit and truth	17
31 On heaven	18
32 Morning hymn	19
33 Evening hymn	19

PART II.

HYMNS ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

HYMN	PAGE
1 Walking with God	20
2 On the same subject	21
3 All nations blessed in Jesus	22
4 The Lord will provide	22
5 On the same subject	24
6 I am the Lord that healeth thee	25
7 The bitter waters	25
8 Manna	26
9 David and Goliath	27
10 Saul's armour	28
11 Ask what I shall give thee	29
12 On the same subject	30
13 David's prayer for Solomon	30
14 The joy of the Lord is your strength	31
15 O thou preserver of men	32
16 On wisdom	32
17 Psalm i.	33
18 Psalm viii.	34
19 Psalm xix.	34
20 Psalm xxiii.	35
21 The shortness of time and frailty of man	35
22 Psalm xlii.	36
23 Psalm li.	36
24 For a church in a low condition	37
25 Psalm lv. 6.	37
26 None upon earth I desire besides thee	39
27 Psalm lxxxiv.	39
28 Psalm cxxii.	40
29 Psalm cxxx.	41
30 Psalm cxxxiii.	42
31 Hymn of praise	43
32 Wisdom	43
33 It is the glory of a man to pass over a transgression	44
34 Vanity of life	46
35 On the same subject	47
36 The name of Jesus	47
37 Zion, or the city of God	48
38 The contrite heart	49
39 The future peace and glory of the church	50
40 Asking the way to Zion	50
41 What think ye of Christ?	51
42 The blasted fig tree	52
43 Martha and Mary	53
44 The disciples at sea	54
45 Will ye also go away?	55
46 Lovest thou me?	55
47 On the same subject	56
48 The death of Stephen	57
49 Salvation drawing nearer	58

HYMN	PAGE
50 The fashion of this world passeth away	58
51 May the grace, &c. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.	59
52 Contentment	59
53 To wait for his Son from heaven	60
54 Old testament gospel	61
55 Exhorting one another daily	62
56 Looking unto Jesus	63
57 And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes	63
58 Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord	64
59 He that overcometh shall inherit all things	65
60 Bright and morning star	65

PART III.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Power, Love, and Wisdom of God.

1 The Lord our light	66
2 The wisdom of God	67
3 On providence	67
4 The Lord our refuge	68
5 The Lord our guide	68
6 The Lord our dependence	69
7 The greatness and condescension of God	69
8 The Lord our defence	70
9 On the same subject	71
10 The Lord our shepherd	72
11 The eternity of God, and man's mortality	73
12 The creation	74
13 The creation	74

The Redeemer.

14 On the birth of Jesus	76
15 Christ manifested	76
16 Praise to the Redeemer	77
17 Gift of God	77
18 Christ the rock of ages	78
19 Praise to the Redeemer	78
20 Christ our light	79
21 Christ our refuge	80
22 Christ the one thing needful	81
23 Christ our guide	81
24 Jesus the true shepherd	82
25 The Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world	83
26 Christ the good shepherd	83
27 Christ the physician	84
28 Characters of Christ	84
29 On the same subject	85
30 On the mercy of Christ	85
31 Jesus the sanctifier	86
32 The divinity of Christ	87

HYMN	PAGE
33 Not ashamed of Christ	87
34 The example of Christ	88
35 On the same subject	89
36 The Christian's fellowship with Christ	90
37 Praise to the Redeemer	90
38 The star of Bethlehem	91
39 The fold of Christ	91

The Spirit.

40 Hymn to the Spirit	92
41 On the Spirit	93
42 Influence of the Spirit	93
43 The teachings of the Spirit	94
44 The Spirit the comforter	94
45 The Holy Spirit our sanctifier	95

Praise, Prayer, and Worship.

46 Praise	96
47 Praise	96
48 Praise	97
49 Praise	98
50 Hymn of praise	98
51 Hymn of praise	99
52 Praise	99
53 Praise for faith	100
54 Hymn of praise	101
55 Hymn of praise	101
56 Glory to God	101
57 Gratitude	102
58 Prayer	103
59 Prayer for Christian graces	104
60 Aspiring after God	105
61 For divine illumination	106
62 The waiting soul	106
63 Prayer	107
64 Prayer	107
65 On prayer	108
66 The Lord's prayer paraphrased	109
67 Prayer	110
68 Prayer for children	111
69 Prayer for youth	111
70 On prayer	112
71 My soul thirsteth for God	113
72 Prayer for the wanderers	113
73 Worship	114
74 On worship	114
75 Worship	115
76 Worship	115
77 Worship	116
78 Worship	116
79 On worship	117
80 Delight in worship	117
81 Worship	118

HYMN	PAGE
82 On silent worship	118
83 The eternal Sabbath	119

Conflict.

84 Light shining out of darkness	119
85 Welcome cross	120
86 Afflictions sanctified	121
87 Prayer answered by crosses	121
88 Temptation	122
89 Looking upwards in a storm	123
90 Peace after a storm	123
91 The penitent's hope	124
92 Why art thou cast down ?	125
93 As thy day, so shall thy strength be	125
94 Trust in God in time of trouble	126

Comfort.

95 True happiness	127
96 Hope beyond the grave	128
97 There the weary are at rest	128
98 The happy change	129
99 Freedom from care	130
100 The Christian's prospect	131

Christian Graces.

101 Divine love	131
102 Faith	132
103 A living and a dead faith	133
104 Peace of mind	133
105 Peace of mind	134
106 Hope	135
107 Charity	135
108 Humility	136
109 Humility	137
110 Humility	137
111 Brotherly love and unity	138
112 Meekness	138
113 Resignation	139
114 Trust in the Lord	139
115 Resignation	140
116 For resignation	141
117 Submission	141
118 Submission	142
119 An undivided heart	142
120 The pure heart	143
121 Growing in grace	143

Occasional Subjects.

122 A morning hymn	144
123 A morning hymn	145
124 Evening hymn	145

HYMN	PAGE
125 Evening	146
126 A midnight hymn	146
127 New year's hymn	147
128 New year's hymn	148
129 Waiting for spring	149
130 Spring	149
131 On the Holy Scriptures	151
132 The world	151
133 The child of the Lord	152
134 Worldly happiness deceitful	152
135 The nightingale	153
136 Self-examination	153
137 On the light of the gospel	154
138 On the death of a child	154
139 On the same subject	155
140 On the same subject	155
141 On the death of a believer	156
142 On the death of a Christian	157
143 The death-bed of a penitent sinner	158
144 On the death of a minister	158
145 The tolling bell	159
146 The enchantment dissolved	159
147 A chamber hymn	160
148 The loadstone	161
149 Lightning in the night	162
150 The rainbow	162
151 On parting	163
152 At parting	163
153 The uncertainty of life	164
154 The soul that loves God finds him every where	165
155 Thoughts on the sea shore	166
156 Luther's hymn	166
157 Religion	168
158 The child	168
159 On the same subject	169
160 Home in view	170
161 Retirement	171
162 Deliverance from Egypt	171
163 The world no continuing city	172
164 The spirit shall return to God	173
165 On death	173
166 Death the passage to immortality	174
167 To die is gain	175
168 The end of time	175
169 Launching into eternity	176
170 The new Jerusalem	176
171 Future judgment	177
172 The last judgment	177
173 Written in illness	178
174 All good to be found in the Creator	179
175 Happiness found	180
176 Consolation from the atonement of Christ	181
177 On the same subject	182

Hymns for Children.

1. *Hymn for a Child.*—R.

- 1 Lord ! teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart ;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.
- 2 For Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain ;
And fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.
- 3 To him let little children come,
For he hath said they may ;
His bosom then shall be their home—
Their tears he'll wipe away.
- 4 For all who early seek his face
Shall surely taste his love ;
Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
To dwell with him above.

2. *A Morning Hymn.*—T.

- 1 My Father, I thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest ;
I thank thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distress ;
O how can a poor little creature repay
Thy fatherly kindness by night and by day !
- 2 My voice would be lisping thy praise,
My heart would repay thee with love ;
O teach me to walk in thy ways,
And fit me to see thee above :—
For Jesus said, let little children come nigh,—
He will not despise such an infant as I.
- 3 As long as thou seest it right
That here upon earth I should stay,

I pray thee to guard me by night,
 And help me to serve thee by day;
 That when all the days of my life shall have past,
 I may worship thee better in heaven at last.

3. *An Evening Hymn.*—T.

- 1 Lord, I have pass'd another day,
 And come to thank thee for thy care;
 Forgive my faults in work and play,
 And listen to my ev'ning prayer.
- 2 Thy favour gives me daily bread,
 And friends, who all my wants supply;
 And safely now I rest my head,
 Preserv'd and guarded by thine eye.
- 3 Look down in pity, and forgive
 Whate'er I've said or done amiss,
 And help me, every day I live,
 To serve thee better than in this.
- 4 Now, while I speak, be pleas'd to take
 A helpless child beneath thy care;
 And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
 To listen to my ev'ning prayer.

4. *Hymn of Praise.*—W.

- 1 How glorious is our heavenly king,
 Who reigns above the sky!
 How shall a child presume to sing
 His dreadful majesty?
- 2 How great his power is, none can tell,
 Nor think how large his grace—
 Not men below, nor saints that dwell
 On high before his face.
- 3 Not angels that stand round the Lord,
 Can search his secret will;
 But they perform his heav'nly word,
 And sing his praises still.
- 4 Then let me join this holy train,
 And my first off'rings bring;
 The eternal God will not disdain
 To hear an infant sing.

- 5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
 And angels shall rejoice,
 To hear their mighty Maker's praise
 Sound from a feeble voice.

5. *Give us this day our daily bread.*—B.

- 1 Fountain of blessing, ever bless'd,
 Enriching all, of all possess'd;
 By whom the whole creation's fed,
 Give me, each day, my daily bread.
- 2 To thee my very life I owe,
 From thee do all my comforts flow;
 And every blessing which I need
 Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.
- 3 Great things are not what I desire,
 Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire;
 Content with little would I be,—
 That little, Lord, must come from thee.

6. *Praise for Creation and Providence.*—W.

- 1 I sing the Almighty power of God,
 That made the mountains rise,
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
 The sun to rule the day;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 That fill'd the earth with food;
 He form'd the creatures with his word,
 And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
 Where'er I turn my eye,—
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky.
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below
 But makes thy glories known;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
 By order from thy throne.

- 6 Creatures (as numerous as they be)
 Are subject to thy care ;
 There's not a place where we can flee,
 But God is present there.
- 7 In heaven he shines with beams of love,
 With wrath in hell beneath :
 'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
 And 'tis his air I breathe.
- 8 His hand is my perpetual guard,
 He keeps me with his eye ;
 Why should I then forget the Lord,
 Who is for ever nigh ?
7. *Praise for Mercies spiritual and temporal.*—w.
- 1 Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
 How many poor I see :
 What shall I render to my God,
 For all his gifts to me ?
- 2 Not more than others I deserve,
 Yet God hath given me more ;
 For I have food while others starve,
 Or beg from door to door.
- 3 How many children in the street
 Half naked I behold,
 While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
 And cover'd from the cold.
- 4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
 Where they may lay their head,
 I have a home wherein to dwell,
 And rest upon my bed.
- 5 While others early learn to swear,
 And curse, and lie, and steal ;
 Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
 And do thy holy will.
- 6 Are these thy favours day by day,
 To me above the rest ?
 Then let me love thee more than they,
 And try to serve thee best.

8. *The advantages of early Religion.*—w.

- 1 Happy the child whose early years
Receive instruction well ;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r when offer'd in the bud,
Is no mean sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners that grow old in sin,
Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young,—
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign ;
'Twill please us to look back, and see
That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

9. *Against Quarreling and Fighting.*—w.

- 1 Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.
- 2 But children you should never let
Such angry passions rise,—
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.
- 3 Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild ;
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
'That sweet and lovely child.

- 4 His soul was gentle as a lamb ;
 And as his stature grew,
 He grew in favour both with man,
 And God, his Father, too.
- 5 Now Lord of all, he reigns above,
 And from his heavenly throne,
 He sees what children dwell in love,
 And marks them for his own.
10. *Love between Brothers and Sisters.*—w.
- 1 Whatever brawls disturb the street,
 There should be peace at home ;
 Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
 Quarrels should never come.
- 2 Birds in their little nests agree,—
 And 'tis a shameful sight,
 When children of one family
 Fall out, and chide, and fight.
- 3 The wise will let their anger cool,
 At least before 'tis night;
 But in the bosom of a fool
 It burns till morning light.
- 4 Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
 Our little brawls remove ;
 That as we grow to riper age,
 Our hearts may all be love.
11. *Against Idleness and Mischief.*—w.
- 1 How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour,
 And gather honey all the day,
 From every opening flow'r.
- 2 How skilfully she builds her cell ;
 How neat she spreads the wax ;
 And labours hard to store it well
 With the sweet food she makes.
- 3 In works of labour or of skill,
 I would be busy too ;
 For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do.

- 4 In books, or work, or healthful play,
 Let my first years be past;
 That I may give for ev'ry day,
 Some good account at last.

12. *The Child's Complaint.*—w.

- 1 Why should I love my sport so well,
 So constant at my play,
 And lose the thoughts of heav'n and hell,
 And then forget to pray ?
- 2 What do I read my Bible for,
 But, Lord, to learn thy will ?
 And shall I daily know thee more,
 And less obey thee still ?
- 3 How senseless is my heart, and wild !
 How vain are all my thoughts !
 Pity the weakness of a child,
 And pardon all my faults.
- 4 Make me thy heav'nly voice to hear,
 And let me love to pray,
 Since God will lend a gracious ear
 To what a child can say.

13. *A Morning Hymn.*—w.

- 1 My God, who makes the sun to know
 His proper hour to rise,
 And to give light to all below,
 Doth send him round the skies.
- 2 When from the chambers of the east
 His morning race begins,
 He never tires, nor stops to rest,
 But round the world he shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
 The business of the day,—
 Begin my work betimes, and still
 March on my heavenly way.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
 Nor let my soul complain,
 That the young morning of my days
 Has all been spent in vain.

14. *Our Saviour's Golden Rule.*—w.

- 1 Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men,
Whate'er you would not take again.

15. *Solemn thoughts on the Creator and Death.*—w.

- 1 There is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heav'ns, and earth, and seas,—
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I'll sing his praise.
- 2 There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do :—
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.
- 3 There is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw ;
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.
- 4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come ;
A thousand children young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.
- 5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.
- 6 Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies;
So man departs to heav'n or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

16. *Against pride in Clothes.*—w.

- 1 Why should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride ?
The arts of dress did ne'er begin
Till Eve, our mother, learnt to sin.
- 2 When first she put the cov'ring on,
Her robe of innocence was gone ;

- And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.
- 3 How proud we are, how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new ;
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
That very clothing long before.
- 4 The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I ;
And though I deck me as I will,
Flies, worms, and flow'rs, exceed me still.
- 5 Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind ;—
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,—
These are the robes of richest dress.
- 6 No more shall worms with me compare,—
This is the raiment angels wear:
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.
- 7 It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould ;
It takes no spot, but still refines,—
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.
- 8 In this, on earth, would I appear,
Then go to heav'n and wear it there ;
God will approve it in his sight,
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

17. *On Worship.*—w.

- 1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee !
Behold in unison they pray ;
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heav'n below ;
Not all my pleasures and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O, write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word :
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
 That, hoping pardon through his blood,
 I may lie down and wake with God.

18. *Duty to God and our Neighbour.*—w.

- 1 Love God with all your soul and strength,
 With all your heart and mind ;
 And love your neighbour as yourself ;
 Be faithful, just, and kind.
- 2 Deal with another as you'd have
 Another deal with you :
 What you're unwilling to receive,
 Be sure you never do.

19. *The Ant or Emmet.*—w.

- 1 These emmets, how little they are in our eyes !
 We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
 Without our regard or concern ;
 Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
 There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
 Some lessons of wisdom might learn.
- 2 They wear not their time out in sleeping or play,
 But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
 And for winter they lay up their stores ;
 They manage their work in such regular forms,
 One would think they foresaw all the frosts and
 the storms,
 And so brought their food within doors.
- 3 But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
 If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
 Nor provide against dangers in time ;
 When death or old age shall once stare in my face,
 What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
 If I trifle away all their prime !
- 4 Now, now, while my strength and my youth are
 in bloom,
 Let me think what shall serve me when sickness
 shall come,

And pray that my sins be forgiven :
 Let me read in good books, and believe and obey,
 That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
 I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

20. *Cradle Hymn.*—w.

- 1 Hush, my dear, lie still, and slumber ;
 Holy angels guard thy bed !
 Heavenly blessings, without number,
 Gently falling on thy head.
- 2 Sleep, my babe ; thy food and raiment,
 House and home, thy friends provide ;
 And without thy care or payment,
 All thy wants are well supplied.
- 3 How much better thou'rt attended,
 Than the Son of God could be,
 When from heaven he descended,
 And became a child like thee.
- 4 Soft and easy is thy cradle ;—
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
 When his birth place was a stable,
 And his softest bed was hay.
- 5 Blessed babe ! what glorious features,
 Spotless, fair, divinely bright !
 Must he dwell with brutal creatures ?
 How could angels bear the sight ?
- 6 Was there nothing but a manger,
 Cursed sinners could afford,
 To receive the heav'nly stranger ?
 Did they thus affront the Lord ?
- 7 Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,
 Though my song might sound too hard ;
 ' Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
 And her arms shall be thy guard.
- 8 Yet to read the shameful story,
 How the Jews abus'd their King ;
 How they serv'd the Lord of Glory,
 Makes me angry while I sing.
- 9 See the kinder shepherds round him,
 Telling wonders from the sky !

- Where they sought him, there they found him,
 With his Virgin-Mother by.
- 10 See the lovely babe a-dressing,—
 Lovely infant, how he smil'd!
 When he wept, the mother's blessing
 Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.
- 11 Lo! he slumbers in the manger,
 Where the horned oxen fed!
 Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
 There's no ox a-near thy bed.
- 12 'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
 Save my dear from burning flame,
 Bitter groans and endless crying,
 That thy blest Redeemer came.
- 13 May'st thou live to know and fear him,
 Trust and love him all thy days;
 Then go dwell for ever near him,
 See his face, and sing his praise.
- 14 I could give thee thousand kisses,
 Hoping what I most desire ;—
 Not a mother's fondest wishes,
 Can to greater joys aspire.

21. *The Sluggard.*—w.

- 1 'Tis the voice of the Sluggard; I heard him complain, [again.]
 " You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber
 As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
 Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy
 head.
- 2 " A little more sleep, and a little more slumber;"
 Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without
 number;
 And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
 Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.
- 3 I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
 The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
 The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags,
 And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still by God.

- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent, what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

24. *Summer Evening*.—w.

- 1 How fine has the day been! how bright was the sun!
How lovely and joyful the course that he run!
Though he rose in a mist, when his race he begun!
And there followed some droppings of rain:
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best,
He paints the sky gay, as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.
- 2 Just such is the Christian, his course he begins,
Like the sun in the mist, while he mourns for his
sins,
And melts into tears, then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way;—
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

25. *Hymn for a Child*.

- 1 Be with me, where'er I go;
Teach me what thou would'st have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say,
Direct me in thy narrow way.
- 2 Prevent me, lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide;
Show me my weakness: let me see
I have all power, my God, from thee.
- 3 Enrich me always with thy love;
My kind protector ever prove;—

Lord, put thy seal upon my breast,
And let thy spirit on me rest.

- 4 Assist and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey ;
What thou abhorr'st, that bid me flee,
And only love what pleaseth thee.

26. *The God of Nature and Providence.*—W.

- 1 Join ev'ry tongue to praise the Lord,
All nature rests upon his word ;
Mercy and truth his courts maintain,
And own his universal reign.
- 2 At his command, the morning ray,
Smiles in the east, and leads the day ;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Beneath the verge of western hills.
- 3 Seasons and times obey his voice,
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice,
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and drest in flowers.
- 4 'Tis from his watery stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply ;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.
- 5 The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play :
The larger cattle and the lamb,
In different language, speak thy name.
- 6 Thy works pronounce thy power divine,
In all the earth thy glories shine ;
Through every month, thy gifts appear ;
Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.

27. *The Example of Christ.*—T.

- 1 JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me ;—
Oh, that in my whole behaviour,
He my pattern still might be.

- 2 All my nature is unholy,—
Pride and passion dwell within ;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.
- 3 While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying,—
Patient in his worst distress.
- 4 Lord, assist a feeble creature ;
Guide me by thy word of truth ;
Condescend to be my teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.
- 5 Often I shall be forgetful
Of the lessons thou hast taught,—
Idle, passionate, and fretful,
Or indulging foolish thought.
- 6 Then permit me not to harden
In my sin, and be content ;
But bestow a gracious pardon,
And assist me to repent.

28. *Self-Examination.*—D.

- 1 Now, for a while, aside I'll lay
My childish trifles and my play ;
And call my thoughts, which rove abroad,
To view myself, and view my God :
I'll look within, that I may see
What I now am, what I must be.
- 2 I am the creature of the Lord ;
He made me by his powerful word ;
This body, in each curious part,
Was wrought by his unfailing art ;
From him my noble spirit came,
My soul a spark of heavenly flame ;
That soul by which my body lives,
Which thinks, and hopes, and joys, and grieves,
And must in heaven or hell remain,
When flesh is turn'd to dust again.
- 3 What business then should I attend,
Or what esteem my noblest end ?

Sure it consists in this alone,
 That God my maker may be known,
 So known, that I may love him still,
 And form my actions by his will;
 That he may bless me while I live,
 And when I die, my soul receive;
 To dwell for ever in his sight,
 In perfect knowledge and delight.

29. *The Swallow*.—GUION.

(Translated by Cowper.)

- 1 I am fond of the swallow—I learn from her flight,
 Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of love :
 How seldom on earth do we see her alight !
 She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.
- 2 It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
 Suspended and pois'd in the regions of air,
 'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,
 It is wing'd like herself, 'tis ethereal fare.
- 3 She comes in the spring, all the summer she stays,
 And dreading the cold, still follows the sun—
 So, true to our love, we should covet his rays,
 And the place where he shines not, immediately
 shun. [pray'r ;
- 4 Our light should be love, and our nourishment
 It is dangerous food that we find upon earth ;
 The fruit of this world is beset with a snare,
 In itself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.
- 5 Let us leave it ourselves, ('tis a mortal abode,)
 To bask ev'ry moment in infinite love ;
 Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road
 That leads to the day-spring appearing above.

30 *On Worship "in Spirit and in Truth."*—w.

- 1 God is a spirit, just and wise,
 He sees our inmost mind ;
 In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
 And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne,
 With honour can appear ;
 The painted hypocrites are known,
 Through the disguise they wear.

- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
 Their bended knees the ground;
 But God abhors the sacrifice,
 Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts and try my ways,
 And make my soul sincere;
 Then shall I stand before thy face,
 And find acceptance there.

31. *On Heaven.*

- 1 Far from the narrow scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land; could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more !
- 3 There pain and sickness never come;
 There grief no more complains;
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And purest pleasure reigns.
- 4 No malice, strife, or envy, there,
 The sons of peace molest;
 But harmony and love sincere,
 Fill every happy breast.
- 5 No cloud those blissful regions know,
 For ever bright and fair;
 For sin, the source of mortals' wo,
 Can never enter there.
- 6 There, no alternate night is known,
 Nor yet the scorching ray;
 But glory from th' eternal throne
 Spreads everlasting day.
- 7 Oh ! may this heavenly prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love !
 May lively faith and strong desire,
 Bear every thought above.

32. *Morning Hymn.*—κ.

- 1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy mispent time that's past,
And live this day as 'twere the last;
T' improve thy talents, take due care;
'Gainst the great day, thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon day clear;
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.
- 4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing,
Glory to th' Eternal King.
- 5 Glory to thee who safe has kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 6 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my pow'rs with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures, here below;
Praise him above, y' angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

33. *Evening Hymn.*—κ.

- 1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills, which I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, e'er I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 O ! may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close ;
Sleep, that may me more active make
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.
- 5 If wakeful in the night I lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.
- 6 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep ;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And save me from the approach of ill.
- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, y' angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Second Part.

HYMNS

ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

1. *Walking with God.* Gen. v. 24.—c.
- 1 Oh ! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O'holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2. *On the same subject.*—N.

- 1 By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view ;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.
- 2 I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray ;
But he vouchsafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miss my way.
- 3 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his almighty hand.
- 4 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares ;
Provides me ev'ry needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.
- 5 With him sweet converse I maintain,
Great as he is, I dare be free ;

I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

6 Some cordial from his word he brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

7 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures, that will quickly end;—
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With thee, my guide, my guard, my friend.

3. *All Nations blessed in Jesus.* Gen. xii. 3.—c. w.

1 Come thou universal blessing,
Abraham's long expected seed,
Perfect peace and joy increasing,
Through the ransom'd nations spread;
Sinful pride and brutal passion,
Far from every heart remove,
Bless us with thy full salvation,
Bless us with thy heavenly love.

2 Happy is the man forgiven;
This, oh let the sinner feel,
Taste in thee his present heaven,
Pant for greater blessings still;
Oh that we, anew created,
Might thine image here receive
Then to Paradise translated,
In thy glorious presence live!

4. *The Lord will provide.* Gen. xxii. 8.—x.

1 Though troubles assail,
And dangers affright,—
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The scripture assures us,
The Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed,

- From them let us learn
 To trust for our bread :
 His saints, what is fitting
 Shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 'tis written
 The Lord will provide.
- 3 We may, like the ships,
 By tempests be tost
 On perilous deeps,
 But cannot be lost ;
 Though Satan enrages
 The wind and the tide,
 The promise engages
 The Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey,
 Like Abr'ham of old,
 Not knowing our way,
 But faith makes us bold;
 For though we are strangers,
 We have a good guide,
 And trust in all dangers,
 The Lord will provide.
- 5 When Satan appears
 To stop up our path,
 And fill us with fears,
 We triumph by faith ;—
 He cannot take from us,
 Though oft he has tried,
 This heart-cheering promise,
 The Lord will provide.
- 6 He tells us we're weak,
 Our hope is in vain,
 The good that we seek
 We ne'er shall obtain;
 But when such suggestions
 Our spirits have tried,
 This answers all questions,
 The Lord will provide.
- 7 No strength of our own
 Or goodness we claim;

Yet since we have known
 The Saviour's great name,
 In this our strong tower,
 For safety we hide,
 The Lord is our power,
 The Lord will provide.

- 8 When fled is our youth,
 And death is in sight,
 The word of his truth
 Shall still be our light;
 Though tempests may lower,
 With Christ on our side,
 E'en in death's darkest hour,
 Our God will provide.

5. *On the same subject.—c.*

- 1 The saints should never be dismayed,
 Nor sink in hopeless fear;
 For when they least expect his aid,
 The Saviour will appear.
- 2 This Abraham found: he rais'd his knife,
 God saw, and said, "Forbear!
 "Yon ram shall yield his meaner life;
 "Behold the victim there."
- 3 Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey;
 But hark! the foe's at hand;
 Saul turns his arms another way,
 To save th' invaded land.
- 4 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
 He thought to rise no more;
 But God prepared a fish to save,
 And bear him to the shore.
- 5 Blest proofs of power and grace divine,
 That meet us in his word!
 May ev'ry deep-felt care of mine,
 Be trusted with the Lord.
- 6 Wait for his seasonable aid,
 And though it tarry, wait;
 The promise may be long delay'd,
 But cannot come too late.

6. *I am the Lord that healeth thee.* Ex. xv. 26.—c.

- 1 Heal us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;—
Deep-wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from thee, Lord.
- 3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
“Lord, I believe,” with tears, he cried,
“O, help my unbelief.”
- 4 She too, who touch’d thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, “Daughter, go in peace,
“Thy faith hath made thee whole.”
- 5 Conceal’d amid the gath’ring throng,
She would have shunn’d thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.
- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may;
Oh! send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal’d away.

7. *The Bitter Waters.* Ex. xv. 23—25.—n.

- 1 Bitter indeed, the waters are,
Which in this desert flow;
Though to the eye they promise fair,
They taste of sin and wo.
- 2 Of pleasing draughts I once could dream;
But now, awake, I find,
That sin has poison’d every stream,
And left a curse behind.
- 3 But there’s a wonder-working wood,
I’ve heard believers say,
Can make these bitter waters good,
And take the curse away.

- 4 The virtues of this healing tree
Are known and priz'd by few ;—
Reveal this secret, Lord, to me,
That I may prize it too.
- 5 The cross on which the Saviour died
And conquer'd for his saints ;
This is the tree by faith applied,
Which sweetens all complaints.
- 6 Thousands have found the bless'd effect,
Nor longer mourn their lot ;
While on his sorrows they reflect,
Their own are all forgot.
- 7 When they, by faith, behold the cross,
Though many griefs they meet ;
They draw a gain from ev'ry loss,
And find the bitter sweet.

8. *Manna.* Ex. xvi. 18.—N.

- 1 Manna to Israel well supplied
The want of other bread ;
Since God is able to provide,
His people shall be fed.
- 2 (Thus though the corn and wine should fail,
And creature-streams be dry,
The pray'r of faith will still prevail,
For blessings from on high.)
- 3 Of his kind care how sweet a proof !
It suited ev'ry taste ;
Who gather'd most had just enough—
Enough, who gather'd least.
- 4 'Tis thus our gracious Lord provides
Our comforts and our cares ;
His own unerring hand provides
And gives us each our shares.
- 5 He knows how much the weak can bear,
And helps them when they cry ;
The strongest have no strength to spare,
For such he'll strongly try.

- 6 Daily they saw the manna come,
And cover all the ground ;
But what they tried to keep at home,
Corrupted soon was found.
- 7 Vain their attempt to store it up,
This was to tempt the Lord;
Israel must live by faith and hope,
And not upon a hoard.
9. *David and Goliath.* Ex. xvii. 15.—c.
Jehovah Nissi.—The Lord my Banner.
- 1 By whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low ?
No sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and King
Who sent him to the fight;
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
To storm th' invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp ?
The trumpet made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 Oh ! I have seen the day,
When with a single word,
God helping me to say,
My trust is in the Lord,—
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.
- 5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side ?
Yet David's Lord and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servants to the end.

10. *Saul's Armour.* 1 Sam. xvii. 38—40.—*16.*

- 1 When first my soul enlisted
 My Saviour's foes to fight,
 Mistaken friends insisted
 I was not armed aright;
 So Saul advised David
 He certainly would fail,
 Nor could his life be saved,
 Without a coat of mail.
- 2 But David, though he yielded
 To put the armour on,
 Soon found he could not wield it,
 And ventur'd forth with none.
 With only sling and pebble,
 He fought the fight of faith;
 The weapons seem'd but feeble,
 Yet prov'd Goliath's death.
- 3 Had I by him been guided,
 And quickly thrown away
 The armour men provided,
 I might have gain'd the day;
 But arm'd as they advis'd me,
 My expectations fail'd,
 My enemy surprised me,
 And had almost prevail'd.
- 4 Furnish'd with books and notions,
 And arguments and pride,
 I practis'd all my motions,
 And Satan's power defied;
 But soon perceiv'd with trouble,
 That these would do no good,—
 Iron to him is stubble,
 And brass like rotten wood.
- 5 I triumph'd at a distance,
 While he was out of sight,
 But faint was my resistance,
 When forc'd to join in fight:
 He broke my sword in shivers,
 And pierc'd my boasted shield,
 Laugh'd at my vain endeavours,
 And drove me from the field.

6 Satan will not be braved
 By such a worm as I;
 Then let me learn with David,
 To trust in the Most High,—
 To plead the name of Jesus,
 And use the sling of pray'r;
 Thus arm'd, when Satan sees us,
 He'll tremble and despair.

11. *Ask what I shall give thee.* 1 Kings, iii. 5.—x.

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee, nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a king,
 Large petitions with thee bring;
 For his grace and pow'r are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin;
 Lord, remove this load of sin!
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass
 Answers the beholder's face;
 Thus unto my heart appear,
 Print thine own resemblance there.
- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer;
 As my guide, my guard, my friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Show me what I have to do,
 Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death.

12. *On the same subject.*—*N.*

- 1 If Solomon for wisdom pray'd,
The Lord before had made him wise;
Else he another choice had made,
And ask'd for what the worldlings prize.
 - 2 Thus he invites his people still;
He first instructs them how to choose,
Then bids them ask whate'er they will,
Assur'd, that he will not refuse.
 - 3 Our wishes would our ruin prove,
Could we our wretched choice obtain,
Before we feel the Saviour's love
Kindle our love to him again.
 - 4 But when our hearts perceive his worth
Desires till then unknown, take place;;
Our spirits cleave no more to earth,
But pant for holiness and grace.
 - 5 And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt"—
Lord, I would seize the golden hour,—
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's pow'r.
 - 6 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thy image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.
 - 7 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
To have thy boundless love reveal'd
In all its height, and breadth, and length.
 - 8 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign,—
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.
- 13 *David's prayer for Solomon.* 1 Chron. xxix. 18,
19.—*N.*

- 1 O David's Son, and David's Lord!
From age to age thou art the same;
Thy gracious presence now afford,
And teach our youth to know thy name.

- 2 Thy people, Lord, though oft distressed,
Upheld by thee, thus far are come ;
And now we long to see thy rest,
And wait thy word to call us home.
- 3 Like David, when this life shall end,
We trust in thee sure peace to find ;
Like him, to thee we now commend
The children we must leave behind.
- 4 Ere long, we hope to be where care
And sin and sorrow never come ;
But, oh ! accept our humble pray'r,
That these may praise thee in our room.
- 5 Show them how vile they are by sin,
And wash them in thy cleansing blood ;
Oh ! make them willing to be thine,
And be to them a cov'nant God.
- 6 Long may thy light and truth remain,
To bless this place when we are gone !
And numbers here be born again,
To dwell for ever near thy throne.

14. *The joy of the Lord is your strength.* Neh. viii.
10.—N.

- 1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known ;
There, fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable ! divine !

5 These are the joys which satisfy,
 And sanctify the mind :
 Which make the spirit mount on high,
 And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
 But, if you are the Lord's,
 Resign to them that know him not,
 Such joys as earth affords.

15. *O Thou Preserver of men !* Job vii. 20.—κ.

1 Through all the dangers of the night
 Preserv'd, O Lord, by thee,
 Again we hail the cheerful light,
 Again we bow the knee.

2 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
 And guide us by thine arm !
 For they are safe, and only they,
 Whom thou preserv'st from harm.

3 Oh ! may the beams of truth divine,
 With clear convincing light,
 In all our understandings shine,
 And chase our mental night.

4 Let all our words and all our ways
 Declare that we are thine ;
 That so the light of truth and grace
 Before the world may shine.

5 Nor let us turn away from thee :
 Dear Saviour hold us fast ;
 Till with immortal eyes we see
 Thy glorious face at last.

16. *On Wisdom.* Job xxviii. 12, 13.—κ.

1 How many of their wisdom boast !
 Wisdom acquir'd by toil and cost !
 But when they want their wisdom most,
 If ever it was their's, 'tis lost.

2 The wisdom of the world must fail ;
 'Tis found deficient in the scale :
 When guilt, and pain, and death assail,
 Ah ! what will such a friend avail !

- 3 It may with pride the heart inflame ;
It may exalt a man to fame ;
It may procure a splendid name :
But cannot save from endless shame.
- 4 There is a wisdom from on high—
No food for pride will it supply ;
But guilt and pain it may defy,
And cheer us when we come to die.
- 5 Who shall this wisdom's worth declare ?
Or what shall we to her compare ?
To her, bright gems, however rare,
But faintly shine, and worthless are.
- 6 Who wisdom find, are truly bless'd,
The " tree of life " is then possess'd ;
Of all that's valued, this is best,
'Tis present and eternal rest.

17. *Psalm i.*

- 1 How bless'd is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk ;
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God
His practice and delight ;
Devoutly reads thereof by day,
And meditates by night.
- 3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit doth bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
His just designs attend.
- 4 Ungodly men and their attempts
No lasting rest shall find ;
Untimely blasted and dispers'd
Like chaff before the wind.
- 5 For God approves the just man's ways ;
To happiness they tend ;
But all the paths which sinners tread,
In shame and ruin end.

18. *Psalm viii.*—s.

Almighty power! amazing are thy ways,
 Above our knowledge, and above our praise!
 How all thy works thine excellence display!
 How fair, how great, how wonderful are they!
 Thy hand yon wide extended heav'n uprais'd,
 Yon wide extended heav'n with stars emblaz'd,
 Where each bright orb, since time his course begun,
 Has roll'd a mighty world, or shone a sun.
 Stupendous thought! how sinks all human race,
 A point, an atom, in the field of space!
 Yet e'en to us, O Lord, thy care extends,
 Thy bounty feeds us, and thy power defends,
 Yet e'en to us, as delegates of Thee,
 Thou giv'st dominion over land and sea;
 Whate'er or walks on earth, or flits in air,
 Whate'er of life the wat'ry regions bear;
 All these are ours, and, for th' extensive claim,
 We owe all homage to thy sacred name!
 Almighty power! how wond'rous are thy ways,
 How far above our knowledge and our praise!

19. *Psalm xix.*—A.

- 1 The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The works of an Almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball?

What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 " The hand that made us is divine."

20. *Psalm xxiii.*—4.

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care,
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

21. *The Shortness of Time and the Frailty of Man.*

Ps. xxxix.—5.

- 1 Almighty Maker of my frame,
 Teach me the measure of my days ;
 Teach me to know how frail I am,
 And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span ;
 A little point my life appears ;

- How frail at best is dying man !
 How vain are all his hopes and fears !
 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show !
 Vain are the cares which rack his mind !
 He heaps up treasures mixt with wo,
 And dies, and leaves them all behind.
 4 Oh, be a nobler portion mine !
 My God ! I bow before thy throne ;
 Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
 And fix my hope on thee alone.

22. *Psalm xlii.*

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling springs,
 So longs my soul, O King of kings,
 Thy face in near approach to see,
 So thirsts great Source of Life for thee.
 2 Thy mercies, Lord, before mine eyes,
 Shall yet in sweet remembrance rise ;
 Amidst the storm, amidst the wave,
 Thy love the beams of comfort gave.
 3 Thy name to rapture prompts my tongue,
 My joy by day, by night my song ;
 To thee my soul ascends in pray'r,
 And in thy bosom pours its care.
 4 Then why my soul with care opprest ?
 And whence the thoughts that wound the breast ?
 In all thy griefs, in all thy woes,
 On God thy steadfast hope repose.

23. *Psalm li.—w.*

- 1 O thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before thee lie ;
 Behold them not with angry look,
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
 2 Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse to sin ;
 Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
 3 I cannot live without thy light,
 Cast out and banish'd from thy sight,

Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

- 4 Though I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

24. *For a Church in a low condition.* Psalm li. 18.

- 1 O God of Zion ! from thy throne,
Look with an eye of pity down ;
Thy church now humbly makes her pray'r,
Thy church the object of thy care.
- 2 We are a building thou hast rais'd ;
How kind thy hand, that hand be prais'd !
Yet all to utter ruin falls,
If thou forsake our tott'ring walls.
- 3 We call to mind the happier days
Of life and love, of pray'r and praise,
When holy services gave birth
To joys resembling heaven on earth.
- 4 But now the ways of Zion mourn,
Her gates neglected and forlorn ;
Our life and liveliness are fled,
And many number'd with the dead.
- 5 We need defence from all our foes,
We need relief from all our woes ;
If earth and hell should yet assail,
Let neither earth nor hell prevail.
- 6 Near to each other and to thee,
Lord, bring us all in unity ;
Thou, all our num'rous wants supply,
And pour thy spirit from on high.

25. *Psalm lv. 6.—κ.*

- 1 Oh had I the wings of a dove,
I'd make my escape and begone ;
I'd mix with the spirits above,
Who encompass yon heavenly throne ;

I'd fly from all labour and toil,
 To the place where the weary have rest ;
 I'd haste from contention and broil,
 To the peaceful abode of the blest.

- 2 How happy are they who no more
 Have to fear the assaults of the foe,
 Arriv'd on the heavenly shore,
 They have left all their conflicts below,
 They are far from all danger and fear,
 While remembrance enhances their joys :
 As the storm, when escap'd, will endear
 The retreat that the haven supplies.
- 3 Around that magnificent throne,
 Where the Lamb all his glory displays ;
 United for ever in one,
 His people are singing his praise.
 How holy, how happy are they !
 No tongue can express their delight ;
 My soul, now unwilling to stay,
 Prepares for her heavenly flight.
- 4 But why do I wish to be gone ?
 Do I want from the danger to flee ?
 And shall I do nothing for one,
 Who was once such a suff'rer for me ?
 Ah Lord ! let me think of the day
 When thou wast " rejected of men,"
 And put the base wish far away,
 And never be fearful again.
- 5 Nor less my perverseness forgive,
 That when ease and prosperity come,
 Thy servant is willing to live,
 And his exile prefers to his home :
 Ah Lord ! what a creature am I,
 Sure nothing can heighten my guilt :
 Forgive me, forgive me, I cry,
 And make me whatever thou wilt.

26. *None upon Earth I desire besides Thee.* Psalm
lxxiii. 25.—N.

- 1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see,
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
Have lost all their sweetness for me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields try in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him.
December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice,
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, where he always so nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind;
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus should dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

27. *Psalm lxxxiv.*—M.

- 1 How sweet thy dwellings, Lord, how fair!
What peace, what bliss inhabits there!
With ardent hope, with strong desire,
My heart, my flesh, to thee aspire;

- 1 I burn to tread thy courts, and thee,
My God, the living God to see.
- 2 Eternal King, within thy dome,
The sparrow finds her peaceful home ;
With her the dove, a licens'd guest,
Assiduous tends her infant nest,
And to thy altar's sure defence,
Commits th' unfeather'd innocence.
- 3 Blest who like these, from day to day,
To praise thee, in thy temple stay ;
Blest, who their strength on thee reclin'd,
Thy seat explore with constant mind,
And Salem's distant towers in view,
With active zeal their way pursue.
- 4 Secure this vale of tears they tread,
To an eternal temple led ;
While showers of grace from heaven distill'd,
Refreshments to the travellers yield ;
The copious springs their steps beguile,
And bid the cheerless desert smile.
- 5 From stage to stage advancing still,
Behold them reach fair Zion's hill,
And prostrate at her hallowed shrine,
Adore the majesty divine,
Where the refulgent glory spreads,
Its purest splendours o'er their heads.

28. *Psalm cxxii.*—M.

- 1 What joy, while thus I view the day
That warns my thirsting soul away,
What transports fill my breast !
For, lo, my great Redeemer's pow'r
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest.
- 2 The festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to the hallow'd dome,
Thy presence to adore ;—
My feet the summons shall attend ;
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread th' ethereal floor.

- 3 E'en now to my expecting eyes
 The heav'n-built towers of Salem rise;
 E'en now with glad survey,
 I view her mansions that contain
 Th' angelic forms, an awful train,
 And shine with cloudless day.
- 4 Hither from earth's remotest end,
 Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
 Their tribute hither bring:
 Here, crown'd with everlasting joy,
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
 And hail th' immortal King:
- 5 Great Salem's King, who bids each state
 On her decrees dependent wait,
 In her, ere time begun,
 High on eternal base uprear'd,
 His hands the regal seat prepar'd
 For Jesse's favour'd son.
- 6 Mother of cities! o'er thy head
 See peace, with healing wings outspread,
 Delighted fix her stay.
 How blest, who calls himself thy friend!
 Success his labours shall attend,
 And safety guard his way.
- 7 Thy walls remote from hostile fear,
 Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
 Nor war's wild wastes deplore:—
 There smiling plenty takes her stand,
 And in thy courts with lavish hand
 Has pour'd forth all her store.
- 8 Let me, blest seat, my name behold
 Among thy citizens enroll'd,
 In thee for ever dwell;
 Let charity my steps attend,
 My sole companion, and my friend,
 And faith and hope farewell.

29. *Psalm cxxx.*—w.

- 1 Out of the deeps of long distress,
 The borders of despair,

- I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans, to move thine ear.
- 2 Great God! should thy severer eye
And thine impartial hand
Mark and avenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.
- 3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.
- 4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.
- 5 Just as the guards, that keep the night,
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;
- 6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first op'nings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.
- 7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.
- 8 There's full redemption at his throne,
For sinner's long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be saved.

30. *Psalm cxxxiii.*

- 1 How pleasing is the scene, how sweet,
Where Christian souls in friendship join,
Whose cares and joys united meet
In bonds of charity divine!
- 2 Less fragrant was the ointment pour'd
On Aaron's consecrated head,
When balmy odours richly shower'd,
Wide o'er his sacred vesture spread.

- 3 Not flow'ry Hermon e'er display'd,
 Impearl'd with dew, a fairer sight ;
 Nor Sion's beauteous hills array'd
 In golden beams of morning light.
- 4 On these the Lord indulgent sheds
 His kindest gifts, a heav'nly store ;
 With life immortal crowns their heads,
 When time's frail comforts charm no more.

31. *Hymn of Praise.* Ps. cxlvi.—D.

- 1 God of my life, through all its days,
 My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;
 The song shall wake with op'ning light,
 And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
 And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
 Thy tuneful praise I'll raise on high,
 And check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
 And all its powers of language fail,
 Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
 And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But, oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
 And I am chain'd to flesh no more,
 With what glad accents shall I rise,
 To join the music of the skies ?
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,
 Which echo through the heavenly plains;
 And emulate, with joy unknown,
 The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

32. *Wisdom.* Prov. viii.—C.

- 1 Ere God had built the mountains,
 Or rais'd the fruitful hills ;
 Before he fill'd the fountains
 That fed the running rills ;
 In me from everlasting,
 The wonderful I AM
 Found pleasures never wasting,
 And wisdom is my name.

- 2 When, like a tent to dwell in,
 He spread the skies abroad,
 And swath'd about the swelling
 Of ocean's mighty flood;
 He wrought by weight and measure,
 And I was with him then;
 Myself the Father's pleasure,
 And mine the sons of men.
- 3 Thus wisdom's words discover
 Thy glory and thy grace,
 Thou everlasting lover
 Of our unworthy race!
 Thy gracious eye survey'd us
 Ere stars were seen above;
 In wisdom thou hast made us,
 And died for us in love.
- 4 And couldst thou be delighted
 With creatures such as we,
 Who, when we saw thee, slighted,
 And nail'd thee to a tree?
 Unfathomable wonder,
 And mystery divine!
 The voice that speaks in thunder
 Says, "Sinner, I am thine."

33. "*It is the Glory of a Man to pass over a Transgression.*" Prov. xix. 11.

- 1 Thus wisdom speaks aloud, and yet
 Pride hardly will resign;
 Though to forgive, and to forget,
 Is godlike—is divine.
- 2 When injur'd, I can scarce tell how
 To pass the injury by;
 My angry spirit will not bow,
 Nor let resentment die.
- 3 The heaving billows swell within,
 Till all is tempest grown;
 And thus I share another's sin,
 And make his guilt my own.

- 4 But come, my proud, my selfish heart,
One serious thought bestow;
Do I thus act the Christian part?
Has Jesus acted so?
- 5 Just the reverse: his generous breast
Did kind compassion move;
When sinners curs'd, the Saviour blest,
And injuries paid with love.
- 6 Although by wicked hands he died,
With the last breath he drew,
"Father, forgive," he sweetly cried,
Himself forgave them too.
- 7 Jesus! I hide my head in shame;
I blush and weep to see,
That I who wear thy sacred name,
No more conform to thee.
- 8 O the sharp pangs he underwent
To clear my guilty score!
And shall I trifling wrongs resent?
No, I'll resent no more!
- 9 I'll seize th' offending brother's hand,
And call him still my friend;
My angry passions I'll disband,
And ev'ry quarrel end.
- 10 Why should we differ by the way?
Why should dissensions come?
We hope to spend an endless day,
In *one* eternal home.
- 11 While others their punctilios boast;
Lord, bend my stubborn will:
For he that condescends the most,
Remains the victor still.
- 12 Fain would I imitate my Lord,
And bear each cross event;
Humility's its own reward;
But pride's a punishment.
- 12 Come, blessed Spirit, heav'nly dove,
Descend on balmy wings;

Come, tune my passions all to love,
And strike the peaceful strings.

- 14 Jesus, my longing soul shall wait,
And near thy feet adore;
Till I shall reach that blissful state,
Where discord is no more.

34. *Vanity of Life.* Eccl. i. 2.—N.

- 1 The evils that beset our path
Who can prevent or cure?
We stand upon the brink of death,
When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn;
Some change may plunge us in distress,
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 A fever or a blow can shake
Our wisdom's boasted rule,
And of the brightest genius, make
A madman or a fool.
- 5 The gourds, from which we look for fruit,
Produce us only pain;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.
- 6 I pity those who seek no more
Than such a world can give;
Wretched they are, and blind, and poor,
And dying while they live.
- 7 Since sin has fill'd the earth with wo,
And creatures fade and die;
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high.

35. *On the same subject—N.*

- 1 Honey though the bee prepares,
An invenom'd sting he wears ;
Piercing thorns a guard compose,
Round the fragrant blooming rose.
- 2 Where we think to find a sweet,
Oft a painful sting we meet ;
When the rose invites our eye,
We forget the thorn is nigh.
- 3 Why are thus our hopes beguil'd ?
Why are all our pleasures spoil'd ?
Why do agony and wo
From our choicest comforts grow ?
- 4 Sin has been the cause of all,
'Twas not thus before the fall :
What but pain, and thorn, and sting ?
From the root of sin can spring ?
- 5 Now with ev'ry good we find
Vanity and grief entwin'd ;
What we feel, and what we fear,
All our joys embitter here.
- 6 Yet, through the Redeemer's love,
These afflictions blessings prove ;
He the wounding stings and thorns
Into healing med'cines turns.
- 7 From the earth our hearts they wean,
Teach us on his arm to lean ;
Urge us to a throne of grace,
Make us seek a resting place.
- 8 In the mansions of our King
Sweets abound without a sting ;
Thornless there the roses blow,
And the joys unmingled flow.

36. *The name of Jesus. Cant. i. 3.—N.*

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place ;
My never-failing treas'ry fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king ;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.
37. *Zion, or the City of God. Isa. xxxiii. 20, 21.—N.*
- 1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God !
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode.
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See ! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love ;
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove :—
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage ?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear !

- For a glory and a cov'ring,
 Showing that the Lord is near :
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night, and shade by day ;
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which he gives them, when they pray.
- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God.
 'Tis his love his people raises
 Over self to reign as kings,
 And as priests his solemn praises,
 Each, for a thank-off'ring, brings.
- 5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I, through grace, a member am ;
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name.
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

38. *The Contrite Heart.* Isa. lvii. 15.—c.

- 1 The Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow ;
 Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
 A contrite heart or no ?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Insensible as steel ;
 If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
 To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
 To love thee, if I could ;
 But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more ;
 But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
 Seem weaker than before.

- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
 And love thy house of prayer;
 I therefore go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.
- 6 Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache;
 Decide this doubt for me;
 And if it be not broken, break,
 And heal it, if it be.

39. *The future Peace and Glory of the Church.* Isa.
 lx. 15—20.—e.

- 1 Hear what God the Lord hath spoken,
 “ Oh, my people faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you;
 Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways;
 You shall name your walls salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 There, like streams, that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow.
 Still in undisturb'd possession
 Peace and righteousness shall reign;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye no more your sons descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see;
 But your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me.
 God shall rise and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God, your everlasting light.”

40. *Asking the Way to Zion.* Jer. l. 5.—x.

- 1 Zion, the city of our God,
 How glorious is the place;
 The Saviour there has his abode,
 And saints shall see his face.

- 2 Firm against ev'ry adverse shock,
 Its mighty bulwark's prove ;
 'Tis built upon the living rock,
 And wall'd around with love.
- 3 There all the fruits of glory grow,
 And joys that never die ;
 And streams of grace and knowledge flow,
 The soul to satisfy.
- 4 Come, set your faces Zion-ward,
 The sacred road inquire ;
 And let a union with the Lord
 Be henceforth your desire.
- 5 The gospel shines to give you light ;
 No longer then delay ;
 The spirit waits to guide you right,
 And Jesus is the way.
- 6 O Lord, regard thy people's pray'r,
 Thy promise now fulfil ;
 And young and old by grace prepare,
 To dwell on Zion's hill.
41. *What think ye of Christ?* Matt. xxii. 42.—*κ.*
- 1 What think ye of Christ? is the test
 To try both your state and your scheme ;
 You cannot be right in the rest,
 Unless you think rightly of him.
 As Jesus appears in your view,
 As he is beloved or not,
 So God is disposed to you,
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.
- 2 Some take him a creature to be,
 A man, or an angel at most ;
 Sure these have not feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost ;—
 So guilty, so helpless am I,
 I durst not confide in his blood,
 Nor on his protection rely,
 Unless I were sure he is God.
- 3 Some call him a Saviour in word,
 But mix their own works with his plan,

- And hope he his help will afford,
 When they have done all that they can :
 If doings prove rather too light,
 (A little they own they may fail)
 They purpose to make up full weight
 By casting his name in the scale.
- 4 Some style him the pearl of great price,
 And say he's the fountain of joys ;
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,
 And cleave to the world and its toys ;
 Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
 And while they salute him, betray ;
 Ah ! what will profession like this
 Avail in his terrible day ?
- 5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think ?
 Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
 I say, he's my meat and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my store,
 My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall ;
 My hope from beginning to end,
 My portion, my Lord, and my all.

42. *The Blasted Fig-tree.* Mark xi. 20.—N.

- 1 One awful word which Jesus spoke
 Against the tree which bore no fruit,
 More piercing than the lightning's stroke,
 Blasted and dried it to the root.
- 2 But could a tree the Lord offend,
 To make him show his judgments thus ?
 He surely had a farther end
 To be a warning word to us.
- 3 The fig-tree by its leaves was known,
 But having not a fig to show,
 It brought a heavy sentence down,
 " Let none hereafter on thee grow."
- 4 Too many, who the gospel hear,
 Whom Satan binds and sin deceives,
 We to this fig-tree may compare,
 They yield no fruit, but only leaves.

- 5 Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk,
Unless combin'd with faith and love,
And witness'd by a gospel-walk,
Will not a true profession prove.
- 6 Without the fruit the Lord expects,
Knowledge will make our state the worse ;
The barren trees he still rejects,
And soon will blast them with his curse.
- 7 O Lord, unite our hearts in pray'r !
On each of us thy spirit send,
That we the fruits of grace may bear,
And find acceptance in the end.

43. *Martha and Mary.* Luke x. 38--42.—x.

- 1 Martha her love and joy express'd,
By care to entertain her guest ;
While Mary sat to hear her Lord,
And could not bear to lose a word.
- 2 The principle in both the same,
Produc'd in each a diff'rent aim ;
The one to feast the Lord was led,
The other waited to be fed.
- 3 But Mary chose the better part,
Her Saviour's words refresh'd her heart ;
While busy Martha angry grew,
And lost her time, and temper too.
- 4 With warmth she to her sister spoke,
But brought upon herself rebuke :
" One thing is needful, and but one,
Why do thy thoughts on many run ?"
- 5 How oft are we like Martha vex'd,
Encumber'd, hurried, and perplex'd ?
While trifles so engross our thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.
- 6 Lord, teach us this one thing to choose,
Which they who gain can never lose ;
Sufficient in itself alone,
And needful, were the world our own.

- 7 Let grov'ling hearts the world admire,
 Thy love is all that I require !
 Gladly I may the rest resign,
 If the one needful thing be mine.

44. *The Disciples at Sea.* John vi. 16--21.--N.

- 1 Constrain'd by their Lord to embark,
 And venture without him to sea,
 The season tempestuous and dark,
 How griev'd the disciples must be !
 But though he remain'd on the shore,
 He spent the night for them in pray'r ;
 They still were as safe as before,
 And equally under his care.
- 2 They strove, though in vain, for a while,
 The force of the waves to withstand ;
 But when they were wearied with toil,
 They saw their dear Saviour at hand ;--
 They gladly receiv'd him on board,
 His presence their spirits reviv'd ;
 The sea became calm at his word,
 And soon at their port they arriv'd.
- 3 We, like the disciples, are toss'd
 By storms, on a perilous deep ;
 And like them, we cannot be lost,
 For Jesus has charge of the ship ;--
 Though billows and winds are enrag'd,
 And threaten to make us their sport,
 This pilot his word has engag'd
 To bring us in safety to port.
- 4 Yet, Lord, we are ready to shrink,
 Unless we thy presence perceive ;
 Oh, save us (we cry) or we sink,
 We would, but we cannot, believe !
 The night has been long and severe,
 The winds and the seas are still high,
 Dear Lord, we beseech thee, appear,
 And say to our souls, " It is I."

45 *Will ye also go away?* John, vi. 67, 69.—x.

- 1 When any turn from Zion's way,
 (Alas! what numbers do!)
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 "Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah, Lord, with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast,
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
 To save a wretch like me;
 To whom, or whither, could I go,
 If I should turn from thee?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
 Thou art the Christ of God,
 Who hast eternal life secur'd
 By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd
 Could never reach my case;
 Nor can I hope relief to find,
 But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart;
 No love but thine can make me blest,
 And satisfy my heart.
- 7 What anguish has that question stirr'd,—
 If I will also go?
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word
 I humbly answer, "No."

46. *Lovest thou me?* John xxi. 16.—c.

- 1 Hark! my soul, it is the Lord,—
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.

- 3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be,—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee and adore,
Oh, for grace to love thee more !

47. *On the same subject.*—N.

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,—
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove,
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 4 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do,
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you ?
- 5 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all.

- 6 Could I joy, his saints to meet,
 Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
 Find at times the promise sweet,
 If I did not love the Lord?
- 7 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
 Thou who art thy people's sun,
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.
- 8 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray;
 If I have not lov'd before,
 Help me to begin to-day.
48. *The Death of Stephen.* Acts vii. 54—60.—x.
- 1 As some tall rock amidst the waves,
 The fury of the tempest braves,
 While the fierce billows tossing high,
 Break at its foot and murm'ring die:—
- 2 Thus they, who in the Lord confide,
 Though foes assault on ev'ry side,
 Cannot be mov'd or overthrown,
 For Jesus makes their cause his own.
- 3 So faithful Stephen, undismay'd,
 The malice of the Jews survey'd;
 The holy joy which fill'd his breast,
 A lustre on his face impress'd.
- 4 "Behold! (he said) the world of light
 Is open'd to my strengthen'd sight;
 My glorious Lord appears in view,
 That Jesus whom ye lately slew."
- 5 With such a friend and witness near,
 No form of death could make him fear;
 Calm amidst showers of stones he kneels,
 And only for his murd'ers feels.
- 6 May we, by faith, perceive thee thus,
 Dear Saviour, ever near to us!
 This sight, our peace through life shall keep,
 And death be fear'd no more than sleep.

49. *Salvation drawing nearer.* Rom. xiii. 11.—x.

- 1 Darkness overspreads us here,
 But the night wears fast away;
 Jacob's star will soon appear,
 Leading on eternal day!
 Now 'tis time to rouse from sleep,
 Trim our lamps, and stand prepar'd,
 For our Lord strict watch to keep,
 Lest he find us off our guard.
- 2 Let his people courage take,
 Bear with a submissive mind
 All they suffer for his sake,
 Rich amends they soon will find:
 He will wipe away their tears,
 Near himself appoint their lot;
 All their sorrows, pains, and fears,
 Quickly then will be forgot.
- 3 Sinners, what can you expect,
 You who now the Saviour dare?
 Break his laws, his grace reject,
 You must stand before his bar.
 Tremble, lest he say, Depart!
 Oh! the horrors of that sound!
 Lord, make ev'ry careless heart
 Seek thee while thou may'st be found.

50. *The Fashion of this World passeth away.*

1 Cor. vii. 31.—κ.

- 1 Though all these things substantial seem,
 The world itself is but a dream,
 And soon must pass away:
 The things that variously employ,—
 That yield us either grief or joy,
 Must see their final day.
- 2 How sweet to have our portion there,
 Where sorrow never comes, nor care,—
 And nothing will remove;
 We then may hear, without a sigh,
 The world's destruction to be nigh;—
 Our treasure is above.

3 How sweet to know the Saviour's name,
 The Saviour who in mercy came,
 And vanquish'd all our foes :
 On him, as on a solid rock,
 Our hope is built, and stands the shock
 Of ev'ry storm that blows.

4 Then let a world of shadows go,—
 It matters not, his people know
 Their treasure still is sure ;
 'Tis laid up there where nothing fades,
 No rust consumes, no thief invades,—
 And thus it is secure.

51. *May the Grace, &c.* 2 Cor. xiii. 14.—x.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

52. *Contentment.* Phil. iv. 11.—x.

1 Fierce passions discompose the mind,
 As tempests vex the sea :
 But calm content, and peace we find,
 When, Lord, we turn to thee.

2 In vain, by reason and by rule,
 We try to bend the will ;
 For none but in the Saviour's school
 Can learn the heav'nly skill.

3 Since at his feet my soul has sat
 His gracious words to hear,
 Contented with my present state,
 I cast on him my care.

4 " Art thou a sinner, soul ? (he said)
 Then how canst thou complain ?
 How light thy troubles here, if weighed
 With everlasting pain !

- 5 If thou of murm'ring wouldst be cur'd,
 Compare thy griefs with mine,—
 Think what my love for thee endur'd,
 And thou wilt not repine.
- 6 'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
 And I do all things well;
 Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
 And rise with me to dwell.
- 7 In life my grace shall strength supply,
 Proportion'd to thy day;
 At death thou still shalt find me nigh,
 To wipe thy tears away."
- 8 Thus I, who once my wretched days
 In vain repining spent,
 Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
 Have learn'd to be content.
53. *To wait for his Son from Heaven.* 1. Thes. i.
 10.—κ.

- 1 To wait for that important day,
 When Jesus will his power display,
 Be this my one great care:
 To do his will, my business here;
 No toil to shun, no danger fear;
 Resolv'd his cross to share.
 Should men pronounce me fool, and say,
 I never need expect the day,
 And all are fools who do;
 Their word I never can receive,
 For well I know whom I believe;
 I know his word is true.
- 3 Though he should still prolong his stay,
 And sinners mock at the delay,
 His people need not fear:
 The man who wore the crown of thorns,
 Whose claim the world rejects and scorns,
 In glory will appear.
- 4 Bright angels shall attend their king,
 And heaven with acclamations ring,
 When Jesus comes with clouds:

Methinks I see the dazzling train,—
It seems to fill yon azure plain
With heaven's exulting clouds.

- 5 Transported with the glorious sight,
My soul prepares her wings for flight,
Resigning all below.

But, ah ! the charm is quickly past,
She feels a chain that holds her fast,
Nor suffers her to go.

- 6 Be patient then my soul and rest,
Be sure the Saviour's time is best,
And cannot be too late.
Rejoice in hope, the day will come
When Jesus shall convey thee home;
Till then in patience wait.

54. *Old Testament Gospel.* Heb. iv. 2.—c.

- 1 Israel in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too;
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw a Saviour's face.

- 2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once applied with pow'r,
Would teach the need of other blood
To reconcile mankind to God.

- 3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

- 4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more :—
In him our surety seem'd to say,
" Behold, I bear your sins away."

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free;
 The type well understood,
 Express'd the sinner's plea,—
 Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
 And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

6 Jesus, I love to trace,
 Throughout thy sacred page,
 The footsteps of thy grace,
 The same in ev'ry age!
 Oh grant that I may faithful be,
 To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

55. *Exhorting one another daily.* Heb. x. 25.—K.

- 1 While in the world we still remain,
 We only meet to part again;
 But when we reach the heav'nly shore,
 We then shall meet to part no more.
- 2 The hope that we should see that day,
 Should chase our present griefs away:
 A few short years of conflict past,
 We meet around the throne at last.
- 3 Then let us here improve our hours,
 Improve them to a Saviour's praise;
 To him with zeal devote our pow'rs,
 And run with joy in wisdom's ways.
- 4 Let all our meetings now be made
 Subservient to each other's good;
 For worldly joys must quickly fade,
 Nor can they yield substantial food.
- 4 When'er requir'd to part from those,
 With whom the truth unites us here,
 We'll call to mind the joyful close,
 When Christ the Saviour will appear.
- 6 Then shall his saints all meet again,
 For so his word of promise says;
 With him for ever to remain,
 And sing his everlasting praise.

56. *Looking unto Jesus.* Heb. xii. 2.—N.

- 1 By various maxims, forms and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passion to restrain,
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.
- 2 But since the Saviour I have known,
My rules are all reduc'd to one,—
To keep my Lord, by faith, in view;
This strength supplies, and motives too.
- 3 I see him lead a suff'ring life,
Patient amidst reproach and strife;
And from his pattern courage take,
To bear and suffer for his sake.
- 4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by the sight from guilt am freed;
This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.
- 5 To look to Jesus as he rose,
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes;
Satan I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.
- 6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own;
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For Jesus lives, and will provide.
- 7 I see him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conqueror's crown;
If press'd with griefs and cares before,
My soul revives and asks for more.
- 8 By faith I see the hour at hand,
When in his presence I shall stand;
Then it will be my endless bliss,
To see him where, and as he is.

57. *And God shall wipe away all Tears from their Eyes.* Rev. vii. 17.—K.

- 1 Ye saints, whose tears now often flow,
(And will while you are here below)
Rejoice that in a few short years,
Your God will wipe away your tears.

- 2 Your conflicts then will end in peace,
And every cause of sorrow cease;
The purest joys will fill your hearts,
Such joys as God himself imparts.
- 3 When landed on the heavenly shore,
You'll see your enemies no more;
The limit of their power is such,
That sacred place they cannot touch
- 4 "An evil heart of unbelief,"
Will then no more occasion grief;
And base desires of flesh and mind
For ever will be left behind.
- 5 'Tis thus the Lord has fix'd a day,
To wipe his people's tears away!
Their toils, and grief, and conflicts past,
He'll bring them to himself at last.
- 6 O! happy state, where purest joy
For ever reigns without alloy!
O! happy saints, who then shall prove
The fulness of this joy above!

58. *Blessed are the Dead which Die in the Lord.*
Rev. xiv. 13—κ.

- 1 Hark, a voice! it cries from heaven:
"Happy in the Lord who die!"
Happy they to whom 'tis given,
From a world of grief to fly:
They indeed are truly blest;
From their labour then they rest.
- 2 All their toils and conflicts over,
Lo! they dwell with Christ above:
O what glories they discover
In the Saviour whom they love!
Now they see him face to face,
Him who sav'd them by his grace.
- 3 'Tis enough, enough for ever,
'Tis his people's bright reward;
They indeed are blest, who never
Shall be absent from the Lord,
O that we may die like those
Who in Jesus then repose!

59. "*He that overcometh shall inherit all Things.*"

Rev. xxi. 7.—κ.

- 1 If our warfare be laborious,
 Soon the strife will reach a close:
 Rest is sweet, secure, and glorious,
 That from prosp'rous warfare flows:
 Doubly precious,
 After labour, is repose.
- 2 Once our choice was peace inglorious;
 Then we yielded to our foes:
 Warfare now the most laborious,
 Ev'n with all its toils we choose,
 Glorious warfare!
 Leading to secure repose.
- 3 Are there many foes before us,
 Standing to oppose our way?
 Yet they shall not overpow'r us;
 This with boldness we may say:
 Since Jehovah
 Keeps his people night and day.
- 4 Are we blind and prone to error?
 God vouchsafes to be our guide.
 Are we faint, and full of terror?
 He himself is on our side.
 'Tis sufficient:
 God our Saviour will provide.
- 5 When through him we prove victorious,
 Then will strife and labour cease;
 Then our triumph will be glorious,
 Then his people dwell at ease;
 And their portion
 Will be everlasting peace.

60. *Bright and Morning Star.* Rev. xxii. 16.—B.

- 1 Ye worlds of light that roll so near
 The Saviour's throne of shining bliss;
 Oh! tell how mean your glories are,
 How faint and few, compar'd with his.
- 2 We sing the bright and morning star,
 Jesus the spring of light and love:

- See how its rays, diffus'd from far,
 Conduct us to the realms above !
- 3 Its cheering beams spread wide abroad,
 Point out the doubtful Christian's way;
 Still as he goes, he finds the road
 Enlighten'd with a constant day.
- 4 (Thus when the eastern magi brought
 Their spicy gifts, a star appear'd,
 To guide them to the good they sought—
 To keep them from the ill they fear'd.)
- 5 O joy ! to reach that heavenly place,
 From darkness, as from sorrow far,
 Where through the boundless fields of space
 For ever shines the morning star.
-

Third Part.

THE POWER, LOVE, AND WISDOM OF GOD.—THE RE-
 DEEMER.—THE SPIRIT.—PRAISE, PRAYER, AND
 WORSHIP.—CONFLICT.—COMFORT.—CHRISTIAN GRA-
 CES.—OCCASIONAL SUBJECTS.

THE POWER, LOVE, AND WISDOM OF GOD.

1. *The Lord our Light.*

- 1 O God, my sun, thy blissful rays
 Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart:
 How dark, how mournful are my days,
 If thine enliv'ning beams depart !
- 2 Scarce through the shades a glimpse of day
 Appears to these desiring eyes;
 But shall my drooping spirits say,
 The cheerful morn will never rise ?
- 3 O let me not despairing mourn,
 Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky;
 My glorious sun will yet return,
 And night with all its horrors fly.

- 4 O for the bright, the joyful day,
 When hope shall in fruition die !
 As tapers lose their feeble ray,
 Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

2. *The Wisdom of God.*

- 1 Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
 Tumultuous passions, all be still !
 Nor let a murm'ring thought arise ;
 His ways are just, his councils wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
 Performs his work—the cause conceals ;
 But though his methods are unknown,
 Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
 He executes his firm decrees ;
 And by his saints it stands confest,
 That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
 Prostrate before his awful seat ;
 And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
 Trust in a wise and gracious God.

3. *On Providence.*

- 1 Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design,
 Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
 And every dark and bending line,
 Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
 Poor mortals thy arrangements view ;
 Not knowing that the least are sure,
 And the mysterious, just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
 Though now they seem to roam uney'd,
 Are led or driven only where
 They best or safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way ;
 But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
 None of their feet to ruin stray,
 Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

- 5 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
 To lay her reason at thy throne ;
 Too weak thy secrets to discern,
 I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

4. *The Lord our Refuge.*—s.

- 1 Dear refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise,
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal,
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.
- 3 But, O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call thee mine ;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
 Thou art my only trust ;
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy seat is open still ;
 Here let my soul retreat ;
 With humble hope attend thy will ;
 And wait beneath thy feet.

5. *The Lord our Guide.*

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land,
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand :
- 2 Open, Lord, the sacred fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Death and Satan's mighty victor,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.

6. *The Lord our Dependence.*

- 1 God of love, that hear'st the prayer,
Kindly for thy people care ;
Who on thee alone depend,
Love us, save us, to the end.
 - 2 Save us in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power ;
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.
 - 3 Cut off our dependence vain
On the help of feeble man ;
Every arm of flesh remove,
Stay us on thy only love.
 - 4 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these thy people join,
Draw us from our trust in Thee,
Poison our simplicity.
 - 5 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honour at thy feet.
 - 6 Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulf between,
Keep us little and unknown,
Priz'd and lov'd by God alone.
 - 7 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope ;
Nothing know, nor seek beside
Jesus, and Him crucified.
 - 8 Far above all mortal things,
Look we down on earthly kings ;
Taste our glorious liberty ;
Find our happy all in thee.
7. *The Greatness and Condescension of God.*—M.
- 1 Immortal King ! through earth's wide frame,
How great thy honour, praise, and name ;
Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,
Whose glory heaven's vast height transcends.

- 2 When wrapt in thought with wakeful eye,
We view the wonders of the sky ;
Whose frame thy fingers, o'er our head,
In rich magnificence have spread :
- 3 The silent moon, with waxing horn,
Along th' etherial region borne ;
The stars with vivid lustre crown'd,
That nightly walk their destin'd round:
- 4 Lord, what is man, that in thy care
His humble lot should find a share ;
Or what the son of man, that Thou
Thus to his wants thy ear should'st bow ?
- 5 Subjected to his feet by thee,
To him all nature bows the knee ;
The beasts in him their Lord behold,
The grazing herd, the bleating fold ;
- 6 The fowls of various wing that fly
O'er the vast desert of the sky ;
And all the watery tribes that glide
Through paths to human sight deny'd.
- 7 Immortal King ! through earth's wide frame,
How great thy honour, praise, and name,
Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,
Whose glory heav'ns vast height transcends.

8. The Lord our Defence.—A.

- 1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please ;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

- 4 Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise.
- 5 Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart ;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.
- 6 Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free ;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on thee.
- 7 For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 8 The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to their will ;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.
- 9 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 10 My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

9. *The Lord our Defence.*—w.

1. Oh God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home ;
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame ;
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

10. *The Lord our Shepherd.*—M.

- 1 To thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly shepherd, lead thy charge ;
And my couch, with tend'rest care,
'Midst the springing grass prepare.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 Thou my soul anew shalt frame,
And, thy mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.
- 4 Thou my plenteous board hast spread,
Thou with oil refresh'd my head ;
Fill'd by thee my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows.

5 Constant to my latest end,
 Thou my footsteps shalt attend,
 And shalt bid thy hallow'd dome,
 Yield me an eternal home.

11. *The Eternity of God, and Man's Mortality.—s.*

1 Lord, thou hast been thy children's God,
 All-powerful, wise, and good, and just,
 In every age their safe abode,
 Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.

2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
 Or spread the starry heavens abroad,
 Or form'd the varied face of earth,
 From everlasting thou art God.

3 Great Father of eternity,
 How short are ages in thy sight;
 A thousand years, how swift they fly,
 Like one short silent watch of night.

4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies !
 Dream of an hour, how short our bloom :
 Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
 Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
 And, with true diligence, apply
 Our heart to wisdom's sacred ways,
 That we may learn to live and die.

6 O make our sacred pleasures rise,
 In sweet proportion to our pains,
 Till ere the sad remembrance dies,
 Nor one uneasy thought complains.

7 (Let thy almighty work appear
 With power and evidence divine,
 And may the bliss thy servants share,
 Continued to their children shine.

8 Thy glorious image, fair imprest,
 Let all our hearts and lives declare :
 Beneath thy kind protection blest.
 May all our labours own thy care.)

12. *The Creation.*--s.

Praise to th' Almighty Lord of Heaven arise,
 Who fix'd the mountains, and who spread the skies;
 Who o'er his works extends paternal care,
 Whose kind protection all the nations share;
 From the glad climes whence morn, in beauty drest,
 Forth goes rejoicing to the farthest west;
 On him alone their whole dependence lies,
 And his rich mercy every want supplies.
 O thou great Author of th' extended whole!
 Revolving seasons praise thee as they roll.
 By thee, spring, summer, autumn, winter rise,—
 Thou giv'st the frowning, thou the smiling skies;
 By thy command the soft'ning show'r distils,
 Till genial warmth the teeming furrow fills;
 Then fav'ring sunshine o'er the clime extends,
 And blest by thee, the verdant blade ascends:
 Next spring's gay products clothe the flow'ry hills,
 And joy the wood, and joy the valley fills;
 Then soon thy bounty swells the golden ear,
 And bids the harvest crown the fruitful year:
 Thus all thy works conspicuous worship raise,
 And nature's face proclaims her Maker's praise.

13. *The Creation.*—o.

- 1 Begin my soul, the exalted lay,
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise th' Almighty's name;
 Lo! heav'n and earth, and seas and skies,
 In one melodious concert, rise
 To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
 Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
 Ye scenes divinely fair!
 Your Maker's wond'rous power proclaim,
 Tell how he form'd your stirring frame,
 And breath'd the fluid air.
- 3 Ye angels catch the thrilling sound,
 While all th' adoring thrones around
 His boundless mercy sing;
 Let every list'ning saint above,

- Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.
- 4 Join, ye loud spheres, ye vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire
The mighty chorus aid!
Soon as gray ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou moon protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.
- 5 Thou heav'n of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who called yon worlds from night:
"Ye shades disperse," th' Eternal said;
At once th' involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light.
- 6 Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow:
Ye dragons, sound his awful name
To heaven aloud, and roar acclaim;
Ye swelling deeps below;
- 7 Let every element rejoice;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice,
To Him who bade you roll:
His praise in soften'd notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul:
- 8 To Him, ye graceful cedars bow;
Ye towering mountains bending low,
Your great Creator own;
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.
- 9 Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects flutt'ring on the gale,
In mutual concert rise:
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

- 10 Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing ;
 Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him who shaped your finer mould,
 Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.
- 11 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ ;
 Spread his tremendous name around,
 Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

THE REDEEMER.

14. *On the Birth of Jesus.*

- 1 Come, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free ;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art ;
 Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart !
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, and yet a king ;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thy own eternal spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

15. *Christ Manifested.*—w.

- 1 Sons of men, behold him far,
 Hail the long-expected star !
 Jacob's star that gilds the night,
 Guides bewilder'd nature right.

- 2 Fear not hence that ill should flow,
Wars or pestilence below ;
Wars and tumults now must cease,
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.
- 3 Nations all the earth abroad,
Haste and own the incarnate God ;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.
- 4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on blinded eyes ;
God in his own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.
- 4 Sing, ye morning stars, again
God descends on earth to reign ;
Deigns for man his life t'employ ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy !

16. *Praise of the Redeemer.*—v.

- 1 Jesu, my Saviour, in thy face,
The essence lives of ev'ry grace ;
All things beside, which charm the sight,
Are shadows tipt with glow-worm light.
- 2 Thy beauty, Lord, th' enraptur'd eye
Which fully views it, first must die ;
Then let me die, through death to know
That joy I seek in vain below.

17. *Gift of God.*—B.

- 1 Jesus, who art my soul's delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray ;
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.
- 2 When shall I see thy glorious face,—
That face which I have often seen :
Arise, thou Sun of righteousness,
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God
To sinners weary and distress ;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd
And certain pledge of all the rest.

- 4 Could I but say this gift is mine,
 I'd tread the world beneath my feet ;
 No more at poverty repine,
 Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 The precious jewel I would keep,
 And lodge it deep within my heart ;
 At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
 It never should from thence depart.

18. *Christ the Rock of Ages.*—T.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee !
 Let the water and the blood
 From thy riven side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power !
- 2 Not the labour of my hands,
 Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
 Simply to thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
 To the cleansing fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die ;
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eye-strings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne :
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

19. *Praise of the Redeemer.*—R.

- 1 Mighty God, while angels bless thee,
 May an infant lisp thy name ?
 Lord of men as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme.

- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days ;
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and lawful praise.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought ;
- 4 For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign.
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along ;
Thought is poor, and poor expression ;
Who dare sing that awful song ?
- 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie ?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 7 Did archangels sing thy coming ?
Did the shepherds learn their lays ?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
- 8 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest wo ;
All to ransom guilty captives !
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
- 9 Go, return, immortal Saviour,
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne ;
Thence return and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thine own.

20. Christ our Light.

- 1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:

- The new heaven and earth's Creator,
 On our deepest darkness rise ;
 Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
 Pouring day-light on our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Ev'ry poor benighted heart ;—
 Come, and manifest the favour
 God hath for the ransom'd race;
 Come, thou gracious God and Saviour,
 Come, and bring the gospel grace !
- 3 Save us in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild, pacific Prince;
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Ev'ry burthen'd soul release;
 By the shining of thy spirit,
 Guide us into perfect peace.

21. *Christ our Refuge.*

C. Wesley (supposed.)

- 1 Jesus, refuge of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high ;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past,
 Safe into the haven guide,
 There receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :—
 All my trust on thee is staid,
 All my help from thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :—
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

22. *Christ the one thing needful.*

- 1 Compar'd with Christ, in all beside
 No comeliness I see ;
 The one thing needful, gracious Lord,
 Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thine expiring love
 Into my soul convey ;
 Thyself bestow—for thee alone,
 My all in all, I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice
 My comforts to restore ;
 More than thyself I cannot crave,
 And thou canst give no more.
- 4 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
 O teach me to resign ;
 I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
 If thou, O God, be mine.

23. *Christ our Guide.*—D.

- 1 Beset with snares on ev'ry hand,
 In life's uncertain path we stand ;
 Saviour divine ! diffuse thy light,
 And guide our doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage each weak and erring heart,
 Early to choose the better part ;
 To yield the trifles of a day,
 For joys that never fade away.
- 3 Then should the wildest storms arise,
 And tempests mingle earth and skies,—
 No fatal shipwreck shall we fear,
 But all our treasure with us bear.

- 4 If thou, our Saviour, still art nigh,
Cheerful we live, and cheerful die;
Secure, when human comforts flee,
To find ten thousand words in thee.

24. *Jesus the true Shepherd.*—c. w.

- 1 Happy soul, who free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms;
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?
Jesus doth his spirit bear,
Jesus takes his ev'ry care;
He who found the wand'ring sheep,
Loves and still delights to keep.
- 2 Oh! that I might so believe,
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave;
Only on his love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh;—
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Saviour ever near;
All his care rejoice to prove,
All his paradise of love.
- 3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my every care;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear;—
Let me know my shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive;
Ever in thy spirit live:
- 4 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect through my Lord, below;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above:
O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right hand;
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by thee to heaven.

25. *The Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the World.*

- 1 Thou holy Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd people led.
- 2 Angel of Gospel grace,
Fulfil thy character
To guard and feed thy chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way,
Conduct us by thy light :
Be thou a cooling shade by day,
A cheering fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting souls sustain,
With blessings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

26. *Christ the good Shepherd.*—κ.

- 1 Jesus, the Shepherd of the sheep !
Thy " little flock " in safety keep !
The flock for which thou cam'st from heav'n,
The flock for which thy life was giv'n !
- 2 Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from thee,
Secure as if from danger free ;
Thy love did all their wand'rings trace,
And bring them to " a wealthy place."
- 3 Oh, guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And keep them that they never stray ;
Cherish the young, sustain the old ;
Let none be feeble in thy fold.
- 4 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream ;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.
- 5 O may the sheep discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice ;

From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but thee.

- 6 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let thy number be complete;
Then let thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above.

27 *Christ the Physician.*—s.

- 1 Deep are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's power.
- 2 And can no sov'reign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly.
- 3 There is a great Physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give.
- 4 See in the dying Saviour's blood
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
'Tis only this all-powerful flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy wo.
- 5 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For now a sovereign cure is found,—
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for ev'ry painful wound.

28. *Characters of Christ.*—w.

- 1 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature to make his beauties known
Must mingle colours not her own.
- 2 Is he a rock? how firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert through.

- 3 Is he a sun ? his beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness ;
Nations rejoice, when he appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.
- 4 Is he design'd a corner stone,
For men to build their hopes upon ?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.
- 5 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise ;
There he displays his powers abroad,
And shines and reigns the incarnate God.

29. *On the same subject.*—w.

- 1 Go, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet,
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 Is he compar'd to wine or bread ?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed ;
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.
- 3 Is he a vine ? his heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit ;
Oh, let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living vine.
- 4 Is he a fire ? he'll purge my dross,
But the true gold sustains no loss ;
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.
- 5 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears ;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

30. *On the Mercy of Christ.*—w.

- 1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
And overflows with love.

- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh
 Pour'd out his cries and tears,
 And in his measure feels afresh
 What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power;
 Thus shall we find delivering grace,
 In every needful hour.

31. *Jesus the sanctifier.*

- 1 Jesus gives us free repentance,
 By his spirit sent from heav'n;
 Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
 "Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n;—"
 Faith he gives us to believe it,
 Grateful hearts his love to prize;
 Want we wisdom? he must give it
 Hearing ears and seeing eyes.
- 2 Jesus gives us pure affections,
 Wills to do what he requires;
 Makes us follow his directions,
 And what he commands, inspires:—
 All our prayers and all our praises,
 Rightly offer'd in his name;
 He who dictates them, is Jesus;
 He who answers is the same.
- 3 Lamb of God, we fall before thee,
 Humbly trusting in thy cross,
 That alone be all our glory,
 All things else are dung and dross:—

Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
 Endless source of joy and love ;
 Grant us, Lord, thy constant favour,
 Till we reign with thee above.

32. *The Divinity of Christ.*—c.

- 1 My song shall bless the Lord of all,
 My praise shall climb to his abode ;
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The great Supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning, or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;
 Eternal ages saw him shine,
 He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much, when in the manger laid,
 Almighty Ruler of the sky,
 As when the six days' work he made,
 Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
 Salvation is his dearest claim ;
 That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,
 And owns Immanuel for his name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
 My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see ;
 My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal
 To worship him who died for me.
- 6 As man he pities my complaint,
 His power and truth are all divine ;
 He will not fail, he cannot faint,
 Oh ! be his endless favour mine.

33. *Not ashamed of Christ.*—c.

- 1 Jesus ! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man asham'd of thee !
 Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days ?

- 2 Asham'd of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon ;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus, that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away ;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain,
And O ! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me !

34. *The Example of Christ.*—E.

- 1 Behold where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine ;
The virtues all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 The largest love of human kind
Inspir'd his godlike breast ;
In deeds of mercy, words of peace,
His kindness was express'd.
- 3 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 4 Lowly in heart to all his friends,
A friend and servant found,

He wash'd their feet, and wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.

5 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,—
He labour'd for their good.

6 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursu'd,
While humble prayer and holy faith,
His fainting strength renew'd.

7 In the last hour of deep distress
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd he bow'd and said,
“ Thy will, not mine, be done.”

8 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear ;
Oh, may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share !

35. *On the same subject.—s.*

1 And is the gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be ;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts and tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life.

3 Ah ! how benevolent and kind ;
How mild, and ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight,
Humanity and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely bright.

5 But ah ! how blind and weak we are ;
How frail ! how apt to turn aside !

Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy spirit for our guide.

- 6 Thy fair example may we trace
To teach us what we ought be ;
Make us by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

36. *The Christian's fellowship with Christ.*

- 1 How blest the union, how divine,
That saints with Jesus share ;
In sacred fellowship combin'd,
And guarded by his care.
- 2 As branches growing from the tree,
Thence nourishment derive ;
By sweet communion, Lord, with thee,
Thy faithful followers live.
- 3 But if we cease from being thine,
No life we then can know ;
As branches pluck'd from off the vine,
Lie withering below.
- 4 Oh, may we still in Christ abide,
Nor e'er from him remove ;
Thus shall we richly be supplied
With blessings from above.

37. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 Hail, thou once despised Jesus ;
Hail ! thou Galilean King !
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.
- 2 Hail, thou glorious God and Saviour,
Who hast borne our sin and shame,
By whose merits we find favour,
Life is given through thy name.
- 3 Still for sinners thou art pleading,
" Spare them yet another year ;"
Thou for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

4 Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing
 Christ is worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.

5 Help ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;
 Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise.

38. *The Star of Bethlehem.*—H. K. W.

- 1 When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck I ceas'd the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease,
 And through the storm and dangers' thrall
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er—
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The star, the star of Bethlehem.

39. *The fold of Christ.*—C. W.

- 1 Thou shepherd of Israel, divine,
 The joy and desire of my heart,
 For closer communion I pine,
 I long to reside where thou art ;

- The pasture I languish to find,
 Where all who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Are screen'd from the heat of the day.
- 2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
 The place of thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
 And joy in the presence of God :
 Thy love for a sinner declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree ;
 My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with thee.
- 3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only I covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart,
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.
-

THE SPIRIT.

40. *Hymn to the Spirit.*

- 1 Spirit of purity and love,
 Descend with comfort from above ;
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
 O'er every thought and wish preside.
- 2 Our erring steps conduct with care,
 Far from each sin or hurtful snare ;
 Thy faithful influence deign to give,
 And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,
 And ev'ry needful grace convey ;
 Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.

- 4 Lead us to own the pleasing sway
Of charity's benignant ray;
Lead us the wounds of life to heal,
And all another's wrongs to feel.
- 5 Lead us to heav'n, those realms of joy,
Where themes of praise the soul employ;
Lead us to Christ, our final rest,
In him to be for ever blest.

41. *On the Spirit.*

- 1 Holy Ghost, whose fire celestial
Light and life divine imparts,
Come, and dwell in breasts terrestrial,
Heav'n reveal in earthly hearts :
Come and pour in blest effusion,
Heav'nly unction from above ;
Scatt'ring wide in rich diffusion,
" Comfort, light, and fire of love."
- 2 Keep thy church in holy union,
Foes remove,—give peace at home :
Source of peace, and sweet communion,
Where thou dwell'st no ill can come.
Teach us humbly to adore thee,
While on earth we pass our days ;
Thence transport our souls to glory,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

42. *Influence of the Spirit.*

- 1 Come, descend, O heav'nly Spirit,
Fan each spark into a flame,
Blessings let us now inherit,
Blessings that we cannot name :
Into pure devotion guided,
May our hearts thy unction prove,
And, from earthly cares divided,
Triumph in a Saviour's love.
- 2 Keep us, Lord, in close communion,
Daily nearer drawn to thee,
Sinking in the heart-felt union
Of that holy mystery :

Keep us safe from each delusion,
 Well protected from all harms,
 Free from sin and all confusion,
 Circle us within thine arms.

43. *The Teachings of the Spirit.*—B.

- 1 Come, blessed Spirit, source of light,
 Whose power and grace are unconfin'd,
 Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
 Remove the darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumin'd eyes display
 The glorious truths thy word reveals ;
 Chase prejudices far away,
 Unclasp the book, and loose the seals.
- 3 By inward teachings make me know
 The mysteries of redeeming love ;
 The vanity of things below,
 The excellence of things above.
- 4 All through the dubious maze of life,
 Spread like the sun thy beams abroad ;
 Point out the dangers of the way,
 And guide my wandering feet to God.

44. *The Spirit the Comforter.*

- 1 Come, holy celestial Dove,
 To visit a sorrowful breast,
 My burthen of sin to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest :
 Thou only hast power to relieve
 A sinner oppress'd with his load ;
 And be he accepted, to give
 A sense of the pardon bestow'd.
- 2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
 And strangely withheld me from sin,
 And tried, by the lure of thy love,
 My worthless affections to win :
 The work of thy mercy revive,
 Thy uttermost mercy exert,
 And kindly continue to strive,
 And hold, till I yield thee my heart.

- 3 Thy call if I ever have known,
 And sigh'd from myself to get free ;
 And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
 And long'd to be happy in Thee :
 Fulfil the imperfect desire,
 Thy peace to my conscience reveal ;
 The sense of thy favour inspire,
 And give me my pardon to feel !
- 4 If, when I had put thee to grief,
 And madly to folly return'd,
 Thy pity hath been my relief,
 And lifted me up as I mourn'd :
 Most pitiful Spirit of Grace,
 Relieve me again, and restore,
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall and to suffer no more.
- 5 Oh ! now if I pant for the stream,
 The fountain of light and of love,
 The power of the Lord to redeem,
 Which flows from the mansions above ;
 Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
 True witness of mercy divine,
 And make me thy permanent home,
 And seal me eternally thine !

45. *The Holy Spirit our Sanctifier.*

- 1 Come, holy spirit, come,
 Let thy bright beams arise,
 Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
 All darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith,
 The doubt, the fear remove,
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to Jesu's blood ;
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 The secret love of God.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,

- To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.
- 5 Oh, dwell within us, then,
Till from ourselves made free,
We learn to love and praise in one;
The Father, Son, and Thee.
-

PRAISE, PRAYER, AND WORSHIP.

46. *Praise.*—w.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name:
In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And let the world be fill'd with praise.

47. *Praise.*—w.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his wondrous works and word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 O thou, from whom all blessings flow !
Teach me to praise thee here below :
Thy praises be my blest employ
In mansions of eternal joy.

48. *Praise* Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17.—w.

- 1 My God, all nature own's thy sway ;
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day :
When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks, }
And bathes in dew the op'ning flow'r,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.
- 2 Or when in paler tints array'd,
The ev'ning slowly spreads her shade ;
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enliv'ning bloom,
Still ev'ry fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer, thoughts inspire ;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the soften'd heart to thee.
- 3 In ev'ry scene thy hands have drest,
In ev'ry form by thee imprest,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the shelt'ring woods are spread ;
In ev'ry note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise and love.
- 4 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
And sooth, with change of bliss, the soul ;
Oh, never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human scene in vain !

But oft as on the charm we gaze,
 Attune the wondering soul to praise ;
 And be the joys that most we prize,
 Those joys that from thy favour rise.

49. *Praise.*—T.

- 1 While thee I seek, protecting pow'r,
 Be my vain wishes still'd ;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd ;
 To thee my thoughts would soar ;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
 That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see ;
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In ev'ry pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in pray'r.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The low'ring storm shall see ;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
 That heart will rest on thee !

50. *Hymn of Praise.*

- 1 To God, the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints, below the skies,
 Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.

- 3 He will present his saints,
 Unblemish'd and complete,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
 And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our redeeming God,
 Wisdom and pow'r belongs;
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting songs.

51. *Hymn of Praise.*—P.

- 1 The sun that walks his airy way,
 To light the world, and give the day;
 The moon that shines with borrow'd light,
 The stars that gild the gloomy night;
- 2 The seas that roll unnumber'd waves,
 The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
 The field whose ears conceal the grain,
 The yellow treasures of the plain;
- 3 The whole of these, and all I see,
 Ought to be sung, and sung by me;
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want, and ask the tongue of man!

52. *Praise.*—B.

- 1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days;
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the grape's delicious juice,
 For the generous olive's use;
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
 Sun's that temp'rate warmth diffuse.

- 4 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;
- 5 These to thee, O God, we owe;
Source whence all our blessings flow,
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear,
Should the fig tree's blasted shoot,
Drop her green untimely fruit;
- 7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;
- 8 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;
- 9 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

53. Praise for Faith.—c.

- 1 Of all the gifts thine hand bestows,
Thou Giver of all good!
Not heav'n itself a richer knows,
Than my Redeemer's blood.
- 2 Faith which applies, that covenant grace,
From the same hand we gain;
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
The gift had been in vain.
- 3 Till thou thy teaching pow'r apply,
Our hearts refuse to see,
And weak as a distemper'd eye,
Shut out the view of thee.

- 4 Blind to the merits of thy Son,
 What mis'ry we endure!
 We fly the hand, from which alone
 We could expect a cure.
- 5 We praise thee, and would praise thee more,
 To thee our all we owe;
 The precious Saviour, and the pow'r
 That makes him precious too.

54. *Hymn of Praise.*—w.

- 1 My God, how endless is thy love,
 Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new;
 And morning mercies, from above,
 Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of our sleeping hours;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 We yield our powers to thy command,
 To thee we consecrate our days;
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

55. *Hymn of Praise.*—H.

- 1 This God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable friend;
 Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
 And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
 Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

56. *Glory to God.*

To God the Father, and the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, three in one,
 Be endless glory given;
 Let all below with all above
 Join in this rapturous song of love,
 The melody of heaven.

57. *Gratitude.*—A.

- 1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported by the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Oh, how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart;
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ,
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 11 Through ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,
 And after death in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord!
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 13 Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 But, oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

58. *Prayer.*—*м.*

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered, or unexpress'd,
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near!
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
 That infant lips can try,
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the christian's vital breath,
 The christian's native air,
 His watchword in the hour of death,
 He enters heaven with prayer!
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways,
 While angels in their song rejoice
 And say, "behold he prays."

- 6 In prayer, on earth the saints are one,
 In word, in deed, in mind,
 When with the Father and the Son
 Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor Prayer is made on earth alone,
 The Holy Spirit pleads,
 And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
 For sinners intercedes!
- 8 O Thou! by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way!
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
 Lord! teach us how to pray!

59. *Prayer for Christian Graces.*

- 1 Jesus, my strength, my hope,
 On thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hear'st my pray'r,
 Give me on Thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do,
 On thee, Almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill:
 A soul inur'd to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss,
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
 The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,
 A quick discerning eye,
 That looks to Thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly;
 A spirit still prepar'd
 And arm'd with jealous care,
 For ever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto pray'r.

- 4 I want a heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease,
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Nor wish my suff'rings less.
 This blessing above all,
 Always to pray I want,
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never never faint.
- 5 I want a true regard,
 A single steady aim,
 Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
 To thee and thy great name:
 A jealous just concern
 For thine immortal praise;
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.
- 6 I rest upon thy word;
 Thy promise is for me:
 My succour and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee:
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

60 *Aspiring after God.*

- 1 What now is my object and aim?
 What now is my hope and desire?
 To follow the heav'nly Lamb,
 And after his image aspire,
 My God, I am thirsting for thee,
 Breathe in me thy life-giving word,
 That I thy salvation may see,
 And dwell in the light of the Lord.
- 2 Oh! lead me, all-merciful God,
 To him that on Calvary died;
 Oh, show me the water and blood,
 Which gush'd from Immanuel's side:

I long for the stream of thy love,
 That spirit of rapture unknown;
 And then to receive it above,
 Eternally new from thy throne.

61. *For Divine Illumination.*—Dr. S. J.

- 1 Oh thou whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
 Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
 On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
 And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
- 2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast,
 With silent confidence and holy rest;
 From thee, great God, we spring—to thee we tend,
 Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

62. *The waiting Soul.*—c.

- 1 Breathe from the gentle South, O Lord,
 And cheer me from the North;
 Blow on the treasures of thy word,
 And call the spices forth.
- 2 I wish, thou know'st, to be resign'd,
 And wait with patient hope;
 But hope delay'd, fatigues the mind,
 And drinks the spirits up.
- 3 Help me to reach the distant goal;
 Confirm my feeble knee;
 Pity the sickness of a soul
 That faints for love of thee.
- 4 Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
 Yet since I *feel* it so,
 It yields some hope of life divine
 Within, however low.
- 5 I seem forsaken and alone,
 I hear the lion roar;
 And ev'ry door is shut but one,
 And that is mercy's door.
- 6 There, till the dear Deliv'rer come,
 I'll wait with humble prayer;
 And when he calls his exile home,
 The Lord shall find him there.

63. *Prayer.*—*κ.*

- 1 Now may he who from the dead,
Brought the shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ our king and head,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight:
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.
- 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who his promise seal'd with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Glad thanksgiving to our God!
- 4 So whene'er the hour shall come,
Closing all our schemes below,
Gladly we shall think on home,
And to endless pleasures go.

64. *Prayer.*

- 1 O Lord! incline thy gracious ear,
My plaintive sorrow weigh!
To thee for succour I draw near,
To thee devoutly pray:—
Still will I call with lifted eyes,
“Come, O my God, and King,”
Till thou regard my ceaseless cries,
And full deliverance bring.
2. On thee, O God of purity,
I wait for cleansing grace;
None without holiness shall see
The glories of thy face:—
In souls unholy and unclean,
Thou never canst delight;
Nor shall they, if not sav'd from sin;
Appear before thy sight.
- 3 But as for me, with humble fear
I will approach thy gate,
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait:—

I trust in thine unbounded grace
Which is so freely given,
And worship in thy holy place,
And lift my soul to heaven.

- 4 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,
Nor suffer me to slide;
Point out the path before my face,
My God, be thou my guide!
Oh, may I ne'er to evil yield,
Defended from above,
And kept and cover'd with the shield
Of thine almighty love.

65. *On Prayer.* Dan. vi. 10.—J. J. G.

- 1 Thrice every day on bended knee
The mighty prophet fell,
In prayer, O Lord, to plead with thee,
And all thy praise to tell.
- 2 "Thine is the power, my God," he cried;
"The righteousness is thine;
On us, despair and shame abide,
Until thy mercies shine.
- 3 Like sheep on yonder mountain's brow,
Thy people far astray,
Have ceased their shepherd's voice to know,
And wander from his way.
- 4 Pleased with their painted idols still,
And heedless of thy love,
They dare resist a father's will,
Nor fear his curse to prove.
- 5 But in that boundless love, O Lord,
Thy mercy yet display;
Ah! breathe the spirit and the word,
Ah! teach them to obey.
- 6 Wide is the breach by ruffians trod,
The gaping wound is sore;
Then heal thy people, gracious God,
Oh! heal them, and restore!"

- 7 He prayed—and thou didst hear his prayer;
 Returning mercy shone
 Upon the people of thy care,
 For they were still thine own.
- 8 Then where the howling desert lay,
 A voice was heard to cry—
 Prepare, prepare the level way,
 For God himself is nigh.
- 9 In mighty love, in matchless power,
 He leads the nation on;
 Jerusalem doth bless the hour,
 Her victory is won.
- 10 Israel is taught thy peace to know,
 Sweet peace without alloy;
 And streams of soft contrition flow,
 Mixed with her tears of joy.
- 11 Jehovah, thou who answerest prayer,
 And know'st the sinner's plea,
 'Tis our's a heavier chain to bear,—
 Then draw us, Lord, to thee.
- 12 Satan and sin with strength combine;
 To sink the prison'd soul;
 But Lord! omnipotence is thine,
 Thou, all their rage control.
- 13 Oh! set the captive spirit free,
 Oh! cleave the galling chain;
 Thou art the source of liberty,
 And be it thine to reign.

66: *The Lord's Prayer Paraphrased.*—M.

- 1 Father of all! whose seat of rest
 In highest heav'n is rear'd,
 Thy name by ev'ry tongue be blest,
 By ev'ry heart rever'd.
- 2 Let earth to thy Messiah's throne
 Its just subjection yield;
 Here, as in heav'n, thy will be known;
 Here, as in heav'n, fulfill'd.

- 3 With bread sufficient for the day,
Our mortal frame supply;
And feed the soul that moves our clay,
With manna from on high.
- 4 While conscious of the debt we owe,
We bow the humble knee,
That mercy we to others show,
Descend on us from thee.
- 5 Do thou our erring feet secure,—
Oh, lead us far from ill;
And keep us upright, just, and pure,
In act, in word, and will.
- 6 Hear, Lord! for power supreme is thine,—
Thine, glory, worship, praise;
Nor nature's bounds thy reign confine,
Nor numbers time thy days.

67. Prayer.

- 1 Oh, thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;
Oh, burst these bonds and set me free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, whene'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd, I follow thee;
O, let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day;
 Till toil, and pain, and grief shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

68. *Prayer for Children.*—c.

- 1 Gracious Lord, our children see,
 By thy mercy we are free;
 But shall these, alas! remain
 Subjects still of Satan's reign?
 Israel's young ones when, of old,
 Pharaoh threaten'd to withhold,
 Then thy messenger said, "No;
 Let the children also go."
 2 When the Angel of the Lord,
 Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
 Slew, with an avenging hand,
 All the first-born of the land;
 Then thy people's door he pass'd,
 Where the bloody sign was plac'd;
 Hear us now, upon our knees,
 Plead the blood of Christ for these.
 3 Lord we tremble, for we know
 How the fierce malicious foe,
 Wheeling round his watchful flight,
 Keeps them ever in his sight:
 Spread thy pinions, King of Kings!
 Hide them safe beneath thy wings;
 Lest the rav'nous bird of prey
 Stoop, and bear the brood away.

69. *Prayer for Youth.*—c.

- 1 Bestow, dear Lord, upon our youth
 The gift of saving grace,
 And let the seed of sacred truth
 Fall in a fruitful place.
 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
 Of pure and heav'nly root;
 But fairest in the youngest shows,
 And yields the sweetest fruit.

- 3 Ye careless sons attention give,
 Oh, hear the voice of love!
 "Repent, return, obey, and live,
 For mercy reigns above."
- 4 For you the public prayer is made;
 Oh, join the public pray'r;
 For you the secret tear is shed,
 Oh, shed yourselves a tear.
- 5 We pray that you may early prove
 The spirit's pow'r to teach;
 You cannot be too young to love
 That Jesus, whom we preach.

70. *On Prayer.*—c.

- 1 What various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy seat!
 Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
 But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
 Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r we cease to fight;
 Pray'r makes the christian's armour bright;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side;
 But when through weariness they fail'd
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? ah, think again,
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To heav'n in supplication sent,
 Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
 "Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

71. *My soul thirsteth for God.—c.*

- 1 I thirst, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross
First wean'd my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want the grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me,
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.
- 4 Dear fountain of delight unknown,
No longer sink below the brim;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream!
- 5 For sure of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit, than I.

72. *Prayer for the Wanderers.—o.*

- 1 Watch not o'er these alone, O Lord!
Whom thou hast sent to teach thy will,
And with thine everlasting word
The hungry conscious sinner fill;
- 2 Not only wanderers from our fold
On christian mission kindly sent,
With love's protecting eye behold,
And guard the spirit thou hast lent;
- 3 To other wand'ers far less blest,
Thy watchful care, thy love display;
To wand'ers from the path of rest,
To wand'ers from thy holy way.
- 4 Such wand'ers, Lord, from things impure
Let thy awakening spirit call;
By hope of smiling mercy lure;
By fear of frowning wrath appal.

- 5 For though the mission'd wanderer go
 O'er desert wilds and trackless tides,
 To regions of eternal snow,
 Or wheresoever man abides,—
- 6 More dangerous, wretched, rugged, wide,
 The best, the brightest path must be
 Of him, allur'd from virtue's side,
 Who wanders, gracious God, from thee.

73. *Worship.*—c.

- 1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat;
 Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
 And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
 Inhabitest the humble mind;
 Such ever bring thee where they come,
 And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of pray'r,
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near,
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
 Oh! rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts thine own.

74. *On Worship.*—w.

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!
 With long desire my spirit faints
 To meet the assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
 My panting heart cries out for God;
 My God, my King, why should I be
 So far from all my joys and thee.

- 3 Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road,
They lean upon thy help, O God.
- 4 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

75. *Worship.*—X.

- 1 Now may fervent pray'r arise,
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the skies;
Fervent prayer shall bring us down
Gracious answers from the throne.
- 2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the stony heart to weep,—
Clothe thy word with power divine,—
Make us willing to be thine.
- 3 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth;
While the gospel call we hear,
May they learn to love and fear.
- 4 Show them what their ways have been,
Show them the desert of sin;
Then thy dying love reveal,
This shall melt a heart of steel.
- 5 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourners' tears.
- 6 Bless us all, both old and young,
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue;
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy power, and all thy love.

76. *Worship.*

- 1 Jesus, we thy promise claim,
We are met in thy dear name;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here.

- 2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace;
Come and dwell within each heart,
Light, and life, and joy impart.
- 3 Make us all in thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet:
Meet t' appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

77. Worship.

- 1 Lord of Hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth, thy temples are;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heav'n and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes,
While thy spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne,—
Here thou mak'st thy glories known,—
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus with festive songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heav'n we soar.

78. Worship.

- 1 O Thou that hearest pray'r,
Behold us at thy feet;
Now let us prove thy presence here,
Where two or three are met.
- 2 Thy promise, Lord, we plead,
Nor can we plead in vain;
Thou never said'st to Israel's seed,
"Seek ye my face in vain."
- 3 Glory to thee alone,
Thou God of boundless grace,
Who dost refreshing showers send down,
To cheer thy drooping race.

- 4 O let it now be shown
 How true, how good thou art;
 Lord, send a gracious answer down,
 To ev'ry waiting heart.

79. *On Worship.*—κ.

- 1 How sweet to leave the world awhile,
 And seek the présence of our Lord:
 Dear Saviour on thy people smile,
 And come according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
 That we may here converse with thee;
 Ah! Lord, behold us at thy feet;
 Let this the gate of heaven be.
- 3 "Chief of ten thousands" now appear,
 That we by faith may see thy face;
 Oh, speak! that we thy voice may hear,
 And let thy presence fill this place.
- 4 Lord, let thy people's views be clear,
 And let their hearts be fill'd with love;
 Oh, may their light to all appear,
 And prove their doctrine from above.

80. *Delight in Worship.*—w

- 1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
 Let my religious hours alone;
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see:
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
 And spread a table of thy grace;
 Bring down a taste of truth divine,
 And cheer our hearts with sacred wine.
- 3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
 How sweet thine entertainments are!
 Never did angels taste, above,
 Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 4 While such a feast of sacred joys
 Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
 Here we could sit and gaze away
 A long, an everlasting day.

81. *Worship.*—o.

- 1 Great God! let thy constraining power,
To thee my wand'ring feelings draw;
And let me give this sacred hour,
To humble pray'r and holy awe.
- 2 And whilst the sense of conscious sin
My trembling soul with anguish shakes,
And hope thy pard'ning love to win,
My fainting, sinking heart forsakes;—
- 3 O, let thy grace new strength supply;
O, breathe the thought that comfort gives!
And point to faith's uplifted eye,
The Lamb that died, the God who lives.

82. *On Silent Worship.*—J. J. G.

- 1 Let deepest silence all around
Its peaceful shelter spread,
So shall that living Word abound,
The Word that wakes the dead.
- 2 How sweet to wait upon the Lord
In stillness and in pray'r!
What though no preacher speak the word,
A minister is there.
- 3 A minister of wond'rous skill
True graces to impart;
He teaches all the Father's will,
And preaches to the heart.
- 4 He dissipates the coward's fears,
And bids the coldest glow;
He speaks; and lo, the softest tears
Of deep contrition flow.
- 5 He knows to bend the heart of steel,
He bows the loftiest soul;
O'er all we think and all we feel,
How matchless his control!
- 6 And ah! how precious is his love,
In tenderest touches given:
It whispers of the bliss above,
And stays the soul on heav'n.

- 7 From mind to mind in streams of joy,
 The holy influence spreads;
 'Tis peace, 'tis praise, without alloy,
 For God that influence sheds.
- 8 Dear Lord, to thee we still will pray,
 And praise thee as before;
 For this, thy glorious gospel day,
 Teach us to praise thee more.

83. *The Eternal Sabbath.*—D.

- 1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
 No groans to mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 Oh, long-expected day, begin,
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death, to rest with God.

CONFLICT.

84. *Light shining out of Darkness.*—C.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

85. *Welcome Cross.*—c.

- 1 'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss:—
Trials must, and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.
- 2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil:—
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way;
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away?

Bastards may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly vain delight;
 But the true-born child of God,
 Must not, would not, if he might.

86. *Afflictions Sanctified.*—c.

- 1 Oh! how I love thy holy word,
 Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
 It guides me in a peaceful way;
 I think upon it all the day.
- 2 What are the mines of shining wealth,
 The strength of youth, the bloom of health?
 What are all joys compar'd with those,
 Thine everlasting word bestows?
- 3 Long unafflicted, undismay'd,
 In pleasure's path secure I stray'd;
 Thou mad'st me feel thy chast'ning rod,
 And straight I turn'd unto my God.
- 4 What though it pierc'd my fainting heart,
 I bless'd the hand that caus'd the smart;
 He taught my tears awhile to flow,
 But sav'd me from eternal woe.
- 5 Oh! hadst thou left me unchastis'd,
 Thy precepts I had still despis'd!
 And still the snare, in secret laid,
 Had my unwary feet betray'd.
- 6 I love thee, therefore, O my God,
 And breathe towards thy dear abode,
 Where in thy presence fully blest,
 Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

87. *Prayer answered by Crosses.*—s.

- 1 I ask'd the Lord that I might grow
 In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace;
 Might more of his salvation know,
 And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
 And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r;
 But it has been in such a way,
 As almost drove me to despair.

- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- 5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried;
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.
- 7 "These inward trials I employ,
"From self and pride to set thee free,
"And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
"That thou mayst seek thy all in me."

88. *Temptation.*—c.

- 1 The billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,—
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

- 5 Though tempest toss'd, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds, nor stormy main,
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

89. *Looking upwards in a Storm.*—c.

- 1 God of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
'That none shall seek thy face in vain?'
4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer pray'r;
But a pray'r-hearing, answering, God
Supports me under every load.
5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with thee;
They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.
6 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

90. *Peace after a Storm.*—c.

- 1 When darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The follies of my doubts and fears.
2 Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!

- 3 Oh! let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn,
That God is love and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat;
But when my faith is sharply try'd,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

91. *The Penitent's Hope.*—H.

- 1 O thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee,
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me!
- 2 When on my fearful, burden'd heart,
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, thy peace impart,
In love remember me!
- 3 If strong temptations crowd my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O, give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me!
- 4 If torn with pain, disease, or grief,
This feeble body see,
Give patience, rest, and kind relief,
Hear and remember me!
- 5 If shame my lot, for thy dear name,
And foul reproaches be;
All hail reproach and welcome shame,
If thou remember me!

- 6 And when at last I sink in death,
 And meet my just decree;
 Then, Saviour, mark my trembling breath,
 And still remember me!

92. *Why art thou cast down?—N.*

- 1 Be still, my heart! these anxious cares
 To thee are burdens, thorns and snares;
 They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
 And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
 Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
 How canst thou want if he provide,
 Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 3 When first before his mercy-seat
 Thou didst to him thy all commit;
 He gave the warrant from that hour,
 To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
 And he refuse to hear thy call?
 And has he not his promise past,
 That thou shalt overcome at last!
- 5 Like David, thou may'st comfort draw,
 Sav'd from the bear's and lion's paw;
 Goliath's rage thou may'st defy,
 For God, thy Saviour still is nigh.
- 6 He who has help'd thee hitherto,
 Will help thee all thy journey through,
 And give thee daily cause to raise
 New Ebenezers to his praise.
- 7 Though rough and thorny be the road,
 It leads thee home apace to God;
 Then count thy present trials small,
 For Heaven will make amends for all.

93. *As thy day so shall thy strength be.—F.*

- 1 Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near,
 Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
 His faithful word declares to thee,
 That, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
How shall I stand the trying day?
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That, as thy day, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For, as thy day, thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That, as thy day, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still, as thy day, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

94. *Trust in God in time of Trouble.—s.*

- 1 Why, oh my heart, these anxious cares?
Why these tumultuous, sickening fears?
Why thus all pensive and forlorn,
Dost thou thy thickening troubles mourn?
- 2 When threatening storms around thee rise,
And lowering tempests spread the skies,
On God, my soul, thy burthen cast,
And seek in him a peaceful rest.
- 3 If falsehood and deceit abound,
And envy's darts in secret wound,
If earthly springs of hope be dry,
And every blooming joy should die—
- 4 Silent I'll bear thy chastening rod,
Thy just displeasure, oh my God;
On thee I'll wait with eager eyes,
To thee my prayer with hope shall rise.

- 5 Yes, I shall hear thy cheering voice,
 In thee my soul shall yet rejoice;
 Thou wilt reveal thy smiling face,
 And hence these gloomy horrors chase.
- 6 Thou art my Saviour, thou my God,
 Thy grace will I proclaim abroad;
 That grace which bears my guilt away,
 And turns the blackest night to day.

COMFORT.

95. *True Happiness.*—N.

- 1 Fix my heart and eyes on thine!
 What are other objects worth?
 But to see thy glory shine,
 Is a heav'n begun on earth:—
 Trifles can no longer move;
 Oh, I tread on all beside;
 When I feel my Saviour's love,
 And remember how he died.
- 2 Now my search is at an end;
 Now my wishes rove no more;—
 Thus my moments I would spend,
 Love and wonder and adore:—
 Jesus, source of excellence!
 All thy glorious love reveal;
 Kingdoms shall not bribe me hence,
 While this happiness I feel.
- 3 Take my heart, 'tis all thine own,
 To thy will, my spirit frame;
 Thou shalt reign, and thou alone,
 Over all I have or am:—
 If a foolish thought shall dare
 To rebel against thy word,
 Slay it, Lord, and do not spare,
 Let it feel thy Spirit's sword.

- 4 Making thus the Lord my choice,
 I have nothing more to choose,
 But to listen to thy voice,
 And my will in thine to loose:
 Thus whatever may betide,
 I shall safe and happy be;
 Still content and satisfy'd,
 Having all in having Thee.

96. *Hope beyond the Grave.*—*x.*

- 1 My soul, this curious house of clay,
 Thy present frail abode,
 Must quickly fall to worms a prey,
 And thou return to God.
- 2 Canst thou by faith survey with joy
 The change before it come?
 And say "let death this house destroy,
 I have a heavenly home?"
- 3 The Saviour, whom I then shall see
 With new admiring eyes,
 Already has prepared for me
 A mansion in the skies.
- 4 I feel this mud-wall cottage shake,
 And long to see it fall,
 That I my willing flight may take
 To him who is my all.
- 5 Burden'd and groaning then no more,
 My rescu'd soul shall sing,
 As up the shining path I soar,
 "Death thou hast lost thy sting."
- 6 Dear Saviour, help us now to seek
 And know thy grace's pow'r;
 That we may all this language speak,
 Before the dying hour.

97. *There the weary are at rest.*—*x.*

- 1 Courage, my soul! behold the prize
 The Saviour's love provides,—
 Eternal life beyond the skies,
 For all whom here he guides.

- 2 The wicked cease from troubling there,
 The weary are at rest:
 Sorrow, and sin, and pain, and care,
 No more approach the blest.
- 3 A wicked world, and wicked heart,
 With Satan now are join'd;
 Each acts a too successful part
 In harassing my mind.
- 4 In conflict with this threefold troop,
 How weary, Lord, am I;
 Did not thy promise bear me up,
 My soul must faint and die.
- 5 But fighting in my Saviour's strength,
 Though mighty are my foes,
 I shall a conqueror be at length
 O'er all that can oppose.
- 6 Then why, my soul, complain or fear?
 The crown of glory see;—
 The more I toil and suffer here,
 The sweeter rest will be.

98. *The happy Change.*—c.

- 1 How blest thy creature is, O God,
 When with a single eye
 He views the lustre of thy word,
 The day spring from on high.
- 2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,
 And frown on earthly things,
 The sun of righteousness he eyes,
 With healing on his wings.
- 3 Struck by that light, the human heart,
 A barren soil no more,
 Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
 Where serpents lurk'd before.
- 4 The soul a dreary province once,
 Of Satan's dark domain,
 Feels a new empire form'd within,
 And owns a heav'nly reign.

- 5 The glorious orb, whose golden beams
 The fruitful year control,
 Since first obedient to thy word
 He started from the goal,
 6 Has cheer'd the nations with the joys
 His orient rays impart;
 But Jesus, 'tis thy light alone
 Can shine upon the heart.

99. *Freedom from Care.*—N.

- 1 While I liv'd without the Lord,
 (If I might be said to live,)
 Nothing could relief afford,
 Nothing satisfaction give.
 2 Empty hopes and groundless fear,
 Move by turns my anxious mind;
 Like a feather in the air,
 Made the sport of ev'ry wind.
 3 Now I see whate'er betide,
 All is well if Christ be mine;
 He has promis'd to provide,
 I have only to resign.
 4 When a sense of sin and thrall
 Forc'd me to the sinner's friend,
 He engag'd to manage all,
 By the way and to the end.
 5 "Cast," he said, "on me thy care,
 'Tis enough that I am nigh:
 I will all thy burdens bear,
 I will all thy wants supply.
 6 Simply follow as I lead,
 Do not reason but believe;
 Call on me in time of need,
 Thou shalt surely help receive."
 7 Lord, I would, I do submit,
 Gladly yield my all to thee;
 What thy wisdom sees most fit,
 Must be surely best for me.

8 Only when the way is rough,
 And the coward flesh would start,
 Let thy promise and thy love
 Cheer and animate my heart.

100. *The Christian's Prospect.*—s.

- 1 Happy the soul, whose wishes climb
 To mansions in the skies!
 He looks on all the joys of time
 With undesiring eyes.
- 2 In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,
 And throws her silken chain;
 And wealth and fame invite his arms,
 And tempt his ear in vain.
- 3 He knows that all these glittering things
 Must yield to sure decay;
 And sees, on time's extended wings,
 How swift they fleet away!
- 4 To things unseen by mortal eyes,
 A beam of sacred light
 Directs his views, his prospects rise
 All permanent and bright.
- 5 His hopes still fix'd on joys to come,
 Those blissful scenes on high,
 Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
 When time and nature die.
- 6 O were these heavenly prospects mine,
 These pleasures could I prove;
 Earth's fleeting views I would resign,
 And raise my hopes above.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

101. *Divine Love.*—w.

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown!

- Jesus thou art all compassion;
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe! oh breathe thy loving spirit
 Into every troubled breast!
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest:
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive;
 Suddenly return and never,
 Never more thy temples leave:
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above;
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd by thee:—
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crown before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

102. *Faith.*—B.

- 1 Faith, 'tis a precious grace,
 Where'er it is bestow'd;
 It boasts of a celestial birth,
 And is the gift of God.
- 2 Jesus it owns, a King,
 An all-atoning Priest!
 It claims no merit of its own,
 But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
 When fill'd with deep distress;
 Flies to the fountain of his blood,
 And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
 And that divinely free;
 Lord send the spirit of thy Son
 To work this faith in me.

103. *A Living and a Dead Faith.*—c.

1 The Lord receives his highest praise
 From humble minds, and hearts sincere;
 While all the loud professor says
 Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

2 To walk as children of the day,
 To mark the precept's holy light,
 To wage the warfare, watch and pray,
 Show who are pleasing in his sight.

3 Not words alone it cost the Lord,
 To purchase pardon for his own;
 Nor will a soul by grace restor'd,
 Return the Saviour words alone.

4 With golden bells the priestly vest,
 And rich pomegranates border'd round,
 The need of holiness express'd,
 And call'd for fruit as well as sound.

5 Easy indeed, it were to reach
 A mansion in the courts above,
 If swelling words and fluent speech
 Might serve instead of faith and love.

6 But none shall gain the blissful place,
 Or God's unclouded glory see,
 Who talks of free and sov'reign grace,
 Unless that grace has made him free!

104. *Peace of Mind.*—c. w.

1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows;
 I see from far thy beauteous light;
 In secret sigh for thy repose;

- My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.
- 2 'Tis mercy all that thou hast brought
My soul to seek its peace in thee;
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace that wand'ring soul shall see;
O when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my steps to Jesus tend?
- 3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.
- 4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all:"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love be all my choice.

105. *Peace of Mind.*—I. R.

- 1 Come, heavenly peace of mind,
I sigh for thy return,
I seek but cannot find
The joys for which I mourn;
Ah! where's the Saviour now,
Whose smiles I once possess'd
Till he return, I bow,
By heaviest grief oppress'd:
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.
- 2 I tried each earthly charm,
In pleasure's haunts I stray'd,
I sought it's soothing balm,
I ask'd the world it's aid:
But ah! no balm it had
To heal a wounded breast,
And I, forlorn and sad,
Must seek another rest;

- My days of happiness are gone,
 And I am left to weep alone.
- 3 Where can the mourner go,
 And tell his tale of grief?
 Ah! who can sooth his woe?
 And give him sweet relief?
 Thou, Jesus, canst impart,
 By thy long wish'd return,
 Ease to this wounded heart,
 And bid me cease to mourn;
 Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
 And I rejoice, my Lord, in Thee.

106. *Hope.*—w.

- 1 When I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies;
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come
 And storms of sorrow fall;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heav'n, my all!
- 4 There shall my wand'ring, weary soul
 Find her eternal rest;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

107. *Charity.*—B.

- 1 Behold where, breathing love divine,
 Our dying Master stands,
 His weeping followers, gathering round,
 Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild Teacher's parting lips,
 What tender accents fell!
 The gentle precept which he gave
 Became its author well.

- 3 "Blest is the man whose soft'ning heart
 "Feels all another's pain;
 "To whom the supplicating eye
 "Was never raised in vain.
- 4 "Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth,
 "A stranger's woes to feel,
 "And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 "He wants the power to heal.
- 5 "He spreads his kind supporting arms,
 "To every child of grief;
 "His secret bounty largely flows,
 "And brings unask'd relief.
- 6 "To gentle offices of love
 "His feet are never slow;
 "He views through mercy's melting eye
 "A brother in a foe.
- 7 "Peace from the bosom of his God,
 "My peace, to him I give;
 "And, when he kneels before the throne,
 "His trembling soul shall live.
- 8 "To him protection shall be shown,
 "And mercy from above
 "Descend on those who thus fulfil
 "The perfect law of love."

108. *Humility*.—c. w.

- 1 Lord, that I may learn of Thee,
 Give me true simplicity:
 Wean my soul and keep it low,
 Willing thee alone to know.
- 2 Teach me, Lord, to cast aside
 All that feeds the creature's pride:
 Not to man, but God submit,
 Lay my reasonings at thy feet.
- 3 Of my boasted wisdom spoil'd,
 Docile, helpless as a child;
 Only seeing in thy light,
 Walking only in thy might.

- 4 Then infuse the teaching grace,
 Spirit of truth and righteousness;
 Knowledge, love divine, impart,
 Life eternal to my heart.

109. *Humility.*—w.

- 1 Bless'd are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty;
 Treasures of grace to them are given,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
 2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all their woes.
 3 Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
 Hunger and long for righteousness;
 They shall be well supplied, and fed
 With living streams and living bread.

110. *Humility.*

- 1 Lord, do thou thy grace impart;
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 Let me like my Saviour be,
 Rooted in humility.
 2 From the time that thee I know,
 Nothing may I seek below;
 Aim at nothing great or high,
 Lowly both in heart and eye.
 3 Simple, teachable and mild,
 Chang'd into a little child,
 Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
 Wean'd from all the world besides.
 4 Saviour, fix my soul on Thee,
 Ev'ry evil let me flee;
 Nothing seek beneath, above,
 Happy in thy boundless love.
 5 O that all may seek and find
 Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd!
 Him let Israel still adore,
 Trust and praise him evermore.

111. *Brotherly Love and Unity.*—c. w.

- 1 Jesus, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid our jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry stumbling block remove:
Each to each unite, endear,
Come and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us each for other care,
Each the others burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.
- 6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above:
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

112. *Meekness.*—s.

- 1 Happy the meek whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.
- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No jars his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath the Almighty wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace! all meek and mild,
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us as we aim to bless.

113. *Resignation.*—s.

- 1 Father! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies;
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

114. *Trust in the Lord.*

- 1 When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few;
On him I lean, who not in vain
Experienc'd ev'ry human pain.
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do;
Still he who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Despis'd by those I priz'd too well:
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
By those who shar'd his daily bread.
- 4 When painful thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismay'd my spirit dies,
Yet he who once vouchsaf'd to hear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gentry dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

- 5 When sorrowing o'er some tomb I bend,
 Which covers all that was a friend,
 And from his voice, his hands, his smile,
 Divides me for a little while;
 Thou Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
 For thou did'st weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 6 And oh! when I have safely past
 Through ev'ry conflict but the last,
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My painful bed—for thou hast died;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

115. *Resignation.*—c.

- 1 O God! whose thunder shakes the sky,
 Whose eye this atom-globe surveys,
 To thee, my only Rock, I fly,
 Thy mercy in thy justice praise:—
 The mystic mazes of thy will,
 The shadows of celestial night,
 Are past the pow'rs of human skill;
 But what the Eternal acts, is right.
- 2 Oh, teach me, in the trying hour,
 When anguish swells the dewy tear
 To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r—
 Thy goodness love, thy justice fear:—
 If in this bosom aught but thee,
 Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
 Omniscience could the danger see,
 And mercy take the cause away.
- 3 Then why, my soul, dost thou complain;
 Why drooping seek the dark recess?
 Shake off the melancholy chain,
 For God created all to bless.—
 But, ah! my breast is human still;
 The rising sigh, the falling tear,
 My languid vitals' feeble rill,
 The sickness of my soul declare:

- 4 But yet with fortitude resign'd,
 I'll thank the inflictor of the blow;
 Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
 Nor let the gush of misery flow:—
 The gloomy mantle of the night,
 Which on my sinking spirit steals,
 Will vanish at the morning light,
 Which God, my orient Sun, reveals.

116. *For Resignation.*—B.

- 1 Thou power supreme, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,
 Here firm I rest; they *must* be best,
 Because they are *thy* will.
- 2 Then—all I want—O, do thou grant
 This one request of mine!
 Since to *enjoy* thou dost deny,
 Assist me to *resign*!

117. *Submission.*—C.

- 1 O Lord, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears!
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No; rather let me freely yield
 What most I prize to thee;
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour all my journey through,
 Thou art engag'd to grant;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
 Shall I resist them both?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth.

- 6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway;
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away.

118. *Submission.*

- 1 Submissive to thy will, my God,
 I all to thee resign;
 And bow before thy chast'ning rod,
 I mourn, but not repine.
- 2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
 When wisdom, truth, and love,
 Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
 And point to joys above.
- 3 How short are all my suff'rings here!
 How needful every cross!
 Away my unbelieving fear,
 Nor call my gain a loss.
- 4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
 I'll bless thy sacred name;
 My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,
 For ever—is the same.

119. *An Undivided Heart.*

- 1 Lord, make me faithful to my call,
 In heart still truly give up all,
 Myself to thee resign;
 When dangers threaten me around,
 Invincible may I be found,
 Never thy will decline.
- 2 My feet with holy oil anoint,
 The destin'd path thou dost appoint,
 Gladly I then will tread:
 Bedew it with a genial shower,
 Into my heart thy influence pour,
 With hidden manna fed.

- 3 A single eye, a faithful heart,
 My Father to thy child impart,
 In every trying hour;
 Reasonings, tormenting thoughts, prevent,
 Still keep my eye on thee intent,
 Till faith shall sight o'erpow'r.

120. *The Pure Heart.*—w.

- 1 Oh, for a heart to praise the Lord,
 A heart from guilt set free,—
 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
 So freely shed for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
 And filled with love divine;
 Perfect and right, and pure and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,—
 Come quickly from above,—
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of love.

121. *Growing in Grace.*—d.

- 1 Praise to thy name, eternal God,
 For all the grace thou shedd'st abroad;
 For all thy influence from above,
 To warm our souls with sacred love.
- 2 Bless'd be thy hand, which from the skies
 Brought down this plant of Paradise:
 And gave its heavenly beauties birth,
 To deck this wilderness of earth.

- 3 But why does that celestial flow'r
Open, and thrive, and shine no more?
Where are its balmy odours fled?
And why reclines its beauteous head?
 - 4 Too plain, alas! the languor shows
Th' unkindly soil in which it grows;
Where the black frost and beating storm
Wither and rend its tender form.
 - 5 Unchanging Sun, thy beams display,
To drive the frost and storms away;
Make all thy potent virtues known,
To cheer a plant so much thy own.
 - 6 And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below;
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.
-

OCCASIONAL SUBJECTS.

122. *A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 Arise, my soul, with joy arise,
In trembling rapture to adore
The awful Sovereign of the skies,
Whose mercy grants me one day more.
- 2 Oh, may this day, indulgent Power,
Nor idly spent, nor useless be;
But may each swiftly-flying hour
Draw me, in nearer love, to thee.
- 3 And will the eternal Power divine,
Whose throne is light's unbounded blaze—
Whilst countless worlds, and angels join
To swell the varying song of praise,—
- 4 Oh, will he lend the listening ear,
When abject mortals feebly pray?
The feeblest prayer he stoops to hear;
Nor casts the meanest wretch away.

- 5 Then let me serve thee all my days,
 Whilst love and zeal with years increase,
 For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways;
 Jehovah! all thy paths are peace.

123. *A Morning Hymn.*—T.

- 1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only light;
 Sun of righteousness arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night;
 Day-spring from on high be near,
 Day-star in my heart appear!
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by thee;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see;
 Till thou inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit then this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill me, radiancy divine,
 Scatter all my unbelief,
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

124. *Evening Hymn.*—F.

- 1 Sleep, downy sleep, come close mine eyes,
 Tir'd with beholding vanities;
 Welcome sweet sleep that drives away
 The toils, and follies of the day.
- 2 On thy soft bosom will I lie,
 Forget the world, and learn to die;—
 O Israel's watchful Shepherd spread
 Thine angel wings around my bed.
- 3 Clouds and thick darkness veil my throne,
 Its awful glories all unknown;
 O dart from thence one cheering ray,
 And turn my midnight into day.

- 4 Thus when the morn, in crimson dress'd
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
My grateful songs of praise shall rise,
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

125. *Evening.*—s.

- 1 Soft season of repose,
Thy sable curtains spread,
Come, downy sleep, and stretch thy wings
Around my weary head.
- 2 But ah! the lawless range
With which my thoughts have stray'd,
Through mazy paths of sense and sin,
From morn to evening shade.
- 3 Ah! born to nobler ends,
My soul, no more pursue
These fleeting vanities of life,
But bid the world adieu.
- 4 Thy pity, Gracious God,
Thy pardon I implore;
Oh, heal these follies of my mind,
And aid me with thy power.
- 5 Be thou my friendly guard,
While slumb'ring on my bed;
And with thy sacred teachings, fill
The visions of my head.
- 6 Devoted to thy fear,
Thy service and thy praise;
My God, I would be wholly thine,
The remnant of my days.

126. *A Midnight Hymn.*

- 1 When restless on my bed I lie,
Still courting sleep, which still doth fly,
Then shall reflection's brighter pow'r
Illuminate the midnight hour.
- 2 If hush'd the breeze, and calm the tide,
Soft will the stream of mem'ry glide;
And all the past, a gentle train,
Wak'd by remembrance, live again.

- 3 Perhaps that anxious friend I trace,
 Belov'd till life's last throb shall cease;
 Whose voice first taught a Saviour's worth,
 A future bliss unknown on earth;
- 4 His faithful counsel, tender care,
 Unwearied love, and humble pray'r;
 O, these still claim the grateful tear,
 And all my drooping courage cheer.
- 5 If loud the wind, the tempest high,
 And darkness wrap the sullen sky,
 I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
 And sigh, O Lord, for rest in Thee.
- 6 Toss'd on the deep and swelling wave,
 O, mark my trembling soul and save;
 O, spread beneath the eternal arm,
 Then wildest billows cannot harm.

127. *New year's Hymn.*—x.

- 1 While with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hastened through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here:—
 Fix'd in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find,
 As the light'ning from the skies
 Darts and leaves no trace behind;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live
 With eternity in view:

Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

128. *New year's Hymn.*—N.

- 1 Time with an unwearied hand
 Pushes round the seasons fast,
 And in life's frail glass the sand
 Sinks apace, not long to last;—
 Many, as well as you or I,
 Who last year assembl'd thus,
 In their silent graves now lie,—
 Graves will open soon for us.
- 2 Daily sin, and care, and strife,
 While the Lord prolongs our breath,
 Make it but a dying life,
 Or a kind of living death:
 Wretched they, and most forlorn,
 Who no better portion know;
 Better ne'er to have been born,
 Than to have our all below.
- 3 When constrain'd to go alone,
 Leaving all you love behind,
 Ent'ring on a world unknown,—
 What will then support your mind?
 When the Lord his summons sends,
 Earthly comforts lose their power;
 Honour, riches, kindred, friends,
 Cannot soothe a dying hour.
- 4 Happy souls, who fear the Lord,
 Time is not too swift for you;
 When your Saviour gives the word,
 Glad you'll bid the world adieu:
 Then he'll wipe away your tears,
 Near himself appoint your place;
 Swifter fly ye rolling years;
 Lord, we long to see thy face.

129. *Waiting for Spring.*—x.

- 1 Though cloudy skies and northern blasts
Retard the gentle spring awhile;
The sun will conq'ror prove at last,
And nature wear a vernal smile.
- 2 The promise which, from age to age,
Has brought the changing seasons round,
Again shall calm the winter's rage,
Perfume the air, and paint the ground.
- 3 The virtue of that first command,
Is still permitted to prevail;
That while the earth itself shall stand,
The spring and summer will not fail.
- 4 Such changes are for us decreed;—
Believers have their winters too;
But spring shall certainly succeed,
And all their former life renew.
- 5 Winter and spring have each their use,
And each in turn, his people know,
One kills the weeds their hearts produce,
The other makes their graces grow.
- 6 Though like dead trees awhile they seem,
Yet having life within their root,
The welcome spring's reviving beam
Draws forth their blossoms, leaves, and fruit.
- 7 But if the tree indeed be dead,
It feels no change though spring return;
Its leafless, naked, barren head,
Proclaims it only fit to burn.
- 8 Dear Lord, afford our souls a spring,
Thou know'st our winter has been long;
Shine forth and warm our hearts to sing,
And thy rich grace shall be our song.

130. *Spring.*—x.

- 1 Pleasing spring again is here;
Trees and fields in bloom appear!
Hark! the birds with artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise:

Where, in winter, all was snow,
 Now the flow'rs in clusters grow;
 And the corn in green array,
 Promises a harvest day.

- 2 What a change has taken place;
 Emblem of the spring of grace;
 How the soul in winter mourns;
 Till the Lord, the Sun, returns;
 Till the Spirit's gentle rain
 Bids the heart revive again;
 Then the stone is turn'd to flesh,
 And each grace springs forth afresh.
- 3 Lord, afford a spring to me!
 Let me feel like what I see?
 Ah! my winter has been long,
 Chill'd my hopes, and stopp'd my song;
 Winter threaten'd to destroy
 Faith and love, and ev'ry joy:
 If thy life was in the root,
 Still I could not yield the fruit.
- 4 Speak, and by thy gracious voice
 Make my dooping soul rejoice;
 Oh, beloved Saviour, haste,
 Tell me all the storms are past:—
 On thy garden deign to smile,
 Raise the plants, enrich the soil;
 Soon thy presence will restore
 Life to what seem'd dead before.
- 5 Lord, I long to be at home,
 Where these changes never come!
 Where the saints no winter fear!
 Where 'tis spring throughout the year!
 How unlike this state below;
 There the flow'rs unwith'ring blow;
 There no chilling blasts annoy!
 All is love, and bloom, and joy.

131. *On the Holy Scriptures.*—c.

- 1 The Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,—
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave thee still supplies,
The gracious light and heat,
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day,
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

132. *The World.*—J. J. G.

- 1 Whilst lost in universal dream,
The giddy crowd is hurl'd
Along the gaily eddying stream
Of this deceitful world;
- 2 Jesus, in secret still to thee
Oh! point my holier way,—
Bid me from each gay chain be free,
To own a Saviour's sway:
- 3 Bid me beneath thy parent wing
Still, Lord, in peace remain;
So every charm the world can bring
Shall tempt me all in vain.
- 4 So shall my soul to heaven above,
To thee in heaven, aspire;
So thy celestial light and love
Be all that soul's desire.

133. *The Child of the Lord.*—J. J. G.

- 1 How bless'd is the child of the Lord,
When taught of the Father to run,
When led by the light of his word,
And cheer'd by the beams of his sun.
- 2 He listens with fear and delight,
To hear what the master shall say;
He sleeps in his bosom all night,
And walks in his love all the day.
- 3 Though terrors may compass him round,
And wildly the tempests may blow;
He fears not, the rock he has found,
That rock he will never forego.
- 4 'Tis true that his pilgrimage here
Is chequer'd with sorrows and fears;
'Tis true that the cross he must bear,
And weep in this valley of tears:
- 5 But patience, submission, and love,
Can sweeten the bitterest hours;
And hope, from the heav'n above,
Still shines, when the hurricane low'rs.
- 6 Temptation, 'tis true will assail,
And trial without and within;
And deeply his soul must bewail
For inward corruption and sin.
- 7 But the rags he once counted his own,
Are consumed in celestial flame,
And a mantle is over him thrown,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb.

134. *Worldly Happiness Deceitful.*

- 1 No longer I follow a sound;
No longer a dream I pursue;
O happiness! not to be found,
Unattainable treasure, adieu!
- 2 I have sought thee in splendor and dress,
In the regions of pleasure and taste;
Have sought thee, and seem'd to possess,
But have prov'd thee a vision at last.

- 3 An humble ambition and hope
 The voice of true wisdom inspires;
 'Tis sufficient if peace be the scope
 And the summit of all our desires.
- 4 Peace may be the lot of the mind,
 That seeks it in meekness and love;
 But rapture and bliss are confin'd
 To the glorified spirits above.

135. *The Nightingale.**—R.

- 1 As I linger'd last night near the hazelwood seat,
 To feast on the music of Philomel's song,
 Methought that the strain was unusually sweet,
 And tho' tender as ever unusually strong.
- 2 I approached her, but much did I marvel to view,
 That on a rude thorn bush she pillow'd her
 breast,
 And that sweeter and stronger the melody grew,
 As near and more near to its sharp point she
 press'd.
- 3 Like thee is the worldling, I said with a sigh,
 There is mirth on his lips, but there's grief in
 his heart,
 And often when pleasure beams bright in his eye,
 There lurks in the soul, a thorn's fest'ring smart.
- 4 More like thee the Christian, in seasons of night,
 On the rude thorns of this world, his breast he
 must lean;
 But still he can lean with a hymn of delight,
 And his song is most sweet, when the thorns
 are most keen.

136. *Self-examination.*—D.

- 1 Thy piercing eye, O God, surveys
 The various windings of our ways;
 Teach us their tendency to know,
 And try the paths in which we go.

* Founded on the popular tradition, that this bird in the absence of its mate chooses a thorn for its resting place, and leans its breast upon the prickly points.

- 2 How wild, how crooked have they been;
 A maze of foolishness and sin!
 With all the light we vainly boast,
 Leaving our guide, our souls are lost.
- 3 Oh, turn us back to thee again,
 Or we shall search our ways in vain;
 Thou, all our faint desire fulfil,
 And lead us to thy holy hill.

137. *On the light of the Gospel.*—w.

- 1 Behold the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way;
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
 It spreads diviner light;
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 Ah, gracious God! how plain
 The precepts thou hast given;
 Oh, may I never read in vain;
 But find the path to heaven.
- 4 I hear thy word with love,
 And I would fain obey;
 Oh, send thy spirit from above
 To guide me lest I stray.

138. *On the death of a Child.*—s.

- 1 Life is a span, a fleeting hour;
 How soon the vapour flies!
 Man is a tender transient flower,
 That e'en in blooming dies.
- 2 Death spreads like winter's frozen arms,
 And beauty smiles no more:
 Ah! where are now those rising charms
 Which pleas'd our eyes before?
- 3 The once lov'd form now cold and dead,
 Each mournful thought employs;
 And nature weeps her comforts fled,
 And wither'd all her joys.

- 4 But wait the interposing gloom,
Behold! stern winter flies;
And drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flowery tribes arise.
- 5 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time:
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 6 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears,
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

139. *On the same subject.*—J. C.

Yes, thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing;
Thine infant spirit soars on angel wing;
Our dark affection might have hop'd thy stay,
The voice of God has call'd the child away—
Like Samuel early in the temple found—
Sweet rose of Sharon, plant of holy ground,
Oh! more than Samuel blessed, to thee is given
The God he served on earth, to serve in heaven.

140. *On the same subject.*—C.

"Let me go, for the day breaketh."

- 1 Cease here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother drown'd in woe,
Now thy kind caresses pain me,
Morn advances—let me go.
- 2 See yon orient streak appearing!
Harbinger of endless day;
Hark! a voice the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away!
- 3 Lately launched, a trembling stranger,
On the world's wild boisterous flood,
Pierc'd with sorrows, toss'd with danger,
Gladly I return to God.
- 4 Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart find rest:

- Kinder arms than thine receive me,
 Softer pillow than thy breast.
- 5 Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
 Upward turning towards their home:
 Raptur'd they'll forget all anguish,
 While they wait to see thee come.
- 6 There, my mother, pleasures centre—
 Weeping, parting, care or woe,
 Ne'er our Father's house shall enter—
 Morn advances—let me go.—
- 7 As, through this calm, this holy dawning,
 Silent glides my parting breath
 To an everlasting morning,—
 Gently close my eyes in death.
- 8 Blessings endless, richest blessings,
 Pour their streams upon my heart!
 (Though no language yet possessing,)
 Breathes my spirit e'er we part.
- 9 Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,
 Though again his voice I hear:
 Rise! may every grace attend thee,
 Rise! and seek to meet me there.

141. *On the death of a Believer.*—x.

- 1 In vain my fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death,
 The glories that surround the saints
 When yielding up their breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks;
 We scarce can say they're gone,
 Before the willing spirit takes
 Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
 To trace her in her flight;
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
 They are completely blest;

- Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view,
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.
- 6 Their faith and patience, love and zeal,
Should make their mem'ry dear;
And, Lord, do thou the pray'rs fulfil
They offer'd for us here!
- 7 While they have gain'd, we losers are,
We miss them day by day;
But thou canst every breach repair,
And wipe our tears away.
- 8 We pray, as in Elisha's case,
When great Elijah went,
May double portions of thy grace
On us, who stay, be sent.

142. *On the Death of a Christian.*

- 1 Rejoice for a brother deceas'd,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison releas'd,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escap'd to the mansions of light,
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind;
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.
- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death;

The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past,
 The age that in heaven they spend,
 For ever and ever shall last.

143. *The Death Bed of a Penitent Sinner.*—J. J. G.

- 1 Jesus, still will I adore thee,
 Well thou know'st a sinner's heart,
 All my wounds are fresh before thee,
 Thou alone canst heal their smart.
- 2 Thou alone thy balm applying,
 Canst this aching pang relieve;
 Balm that thou hast bought with dying,
 Give and teach me to receive.
- 3 Thou of all-sufficient merit;
 May the blood that from thee flow'd,
 May thy purifying spirit,
 Be upon this heart bestow'd.
- 4 Ah! how deeply am I wounded,
 Spoil'd by Satan, pierc'd by sin,
 And hath love *for me* abounded?
 Hark! a Saviour speaks within.
- 5 "Sinner! yes my love is tow'rds thee,
 Everlasting and divine;
 Endless hope it yet affords thee,
 Seek it, take it, I am thine."
- 6 And will *thou* be mine forever?
 Shall I live with thee and reign?
 Come, these mould'ring chains to sever,
 Come, for death to me is gain.

144. *On the Death of a Minister.*—c.

- 1 His master taken from his head,
 Elisha saw him go;
 And in desponding accents said,
 "Ah! what must Israel do?"
- 2 But he forgot the Lord, who lifts
 The beggar to his throne;
 Nor knew that all Elijah's gifts
 Would soon be made his own.

- 3 What, when a Paul has run his course,
 Or when Apollos dies,
 Is Israel left without resource?
 And have we no supplies?
- 4 Yes; while the dear Redeemer lives,
 We have a boundless store;
 And shall be fed with what he gives,
 Who lives for evermore.

145. *The Tolling Bell.*—x.

- 1 Oft as the bell, with solemn toll,
 Speaks the departure of a soul:
 Let each one ask himself, "Am I
 Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
 Preserves me from the jaws of death;
 Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
 And plung'd into a world unknown.
- 3 Then leaving all I lov'd below,
 To God's tribunal I must go;
 Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
 And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 Lord, Jesus! help me now to flee,
 And seek my hope alone in thee;
 Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
 Subdue my sin, and let me live.
- 5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
 If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear;
 Nor would the thought distressing be,
 Perhaps it next may toll for me.
- 6 Rather my spirit would rejoice,
 And long and wish to hear thy voice;
 Glad when it bids me earth resign,
 Secure of heav'n, if thou art mine.

146. *The Enchantment Dissolved.*—c.

- 1 Blinded in youth by Satan's arts,
 The world, to our unpractis'd hearts,
 A flattering prospect shows;

- Our fancy forms a thousand schemes,
 Of gay delights, and golden dreams,
 And undisturb'd repose.
 So in the desert's dreary waste,
 By magic pow'r produc'd in haste,
 (As ancient fables say,)
 Castles, and groves, and music sweet,
 The senses of the traveller meet,
 And stop him in his way.
- 3 But while he listens with surprise,
 The charm dissolves, the vision dies,
 'Twas but enchanted ground:
 Thus if the Lord our spirit touch,
 The world which promised us so much,
 A wilderness is found.
- 4 At first we start and feel distress'd,
 Convinc'd we never can have rest,
 In such a wretched place;
 But he whose mercy breaks the charm,
 Reveals his own almighty arm,
 And bids us seek his face.
- 5 Then we begin to live indeed,
 When from our sin and bondage freed
 By this beloved friend;
 We follow him from day to day,
 Assur'd of grace through all the way,
 And glory at the end.

147. *A Chamber Hymn.*—T.

- 1 What though my frail eyelids refuse
 Continual watching to keep,
 And punctual as midnight renews,
 Demand the refreshment of sleep;
 A sovereign protector I have,
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand,—
 Unchangeably faithful to save,
 Almighty to rule and command.
- 2 From evil secure and its dread,
 I rest, if my Saviour is nigh,
 And songs his kind presence indeed
 Shall in the night-season supply:—

He smiles, and my comforts abound;
 His grace as the dew shall descend;
 And walls of salvation surround
 The soul he delights to defend.

- 3 Inspirer and hearer of pray'r,
 'Thou keeper and guardian of thine,
 My all to thy covenant care
 I sleeping and waking resign:
 If thou art my shield and my sun,
 The night is no darkness to me;
 And fast as the moments roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to thee.

148. *The Loadstone.*—N.

- 1 As needles point towards the pole,
 When touch'd by the magnetic stone:
 So faith in Jesus gives the soul
 A tendency before unknown.
- 2 Till then, by blinded passions led,
 In search of fancied good we range,
 The paths of disappointment tread,
 To nothing fix'd, but love of change.
- 3 But when the Holy Ghost imparts
 A knowledge of the Saviour's love,
 Our wand'ring, weary, restless hearts,
 Are fix'd at once, no more to rove.
- 4 Now a new principle takes place,
 Which guides and animates the will;
 This love, another name for grace.
 Constrains to good, and bars from ill.
- 5 By love's pure light we soon perceive
 Our noblest bliss and proper end;
 And gladly ev'ry idol leave,
 To love and serve our Lord and Friend.
- 6 Thus borne along by faith and hope,
 We feel the Saviour's words are true;
 "And I, if I be lifted up,
 Will draw my followers upward too."

149. *Lightning in the Night.*—x.

- 1 A glance from heav'n with sweet effect,
Sometimes my pensive spirit cheers;
But ere I can my thoughts collect,
As suddenly it disappears,
- 2 So lightning in the gloom of night,
Affords a momentary day,
Disclosing objects full in sight,
Which, soon as seen, are snatch'd away,
- 3 Ah! what avail these pleasing scenes!
They do but aggravate my pain;
While darkness quickly intervenes,
And swallows up my joys again.
- 4 But shall I murmur at relief?
Though short, it was a precious view,
Sent to control my unbelief,
And prove that what I read was true.
- 5 The lightning's flash did not create
The opening prospect it reveal'd;
But only show'd the real state
Of what the darkness had conceal'd.
- 6 Just so, we by a glimpse discern
The glorious things within the veil;
That, when in darkness, we may learn,
To live by faith, till light prevail.
- 7 The Lord's great day will soon advance,
Dispersing all the shades of night;
Then we no more shall need a glance,
But see by an eternal light.

150. *The Rainbow.*—x.

- 1 When the sun with cheerful beams
Smiles upon a low'ring sky,
Soon its aspect soften'd seems,
And a rainbow meets the eye;
While the sky remains serene,
This bright arch is never seen.
- 2 Thus the Lord's supporting power
Brightest to his saints appears,

When affliction's threat'ning hour
 Fills the sky with clouds and fears;
 He can wonders then perform,
 Paint a rainbow on the storm.

- 3 All their graces doubly shine,
 When their troubles press them sore;
 Then the promises divine,
 Give them joys unknown before:
 As the colours of the bow
 To the cloud their brightness owe.
- 4 Favour'd John a rainbow saw,
 Circling round a throne above;
 Hence the saints a pledge may draw
 Of unchanging covenant love:
 Clouds awhile may intervene,
 But the bow will still be seen.

151. *On Parting*.—c. w.

- 1 Blest be the dear uniting love
 That will not let us part!
 Our bodies may far off remove,
 We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints, we go;
 And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
 And show his praise below.
- 3 Oh, may we ever walk in him,
 And nothing know beside;
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
 The same in mind and heart;
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time nor place,
 Nor life, nor death can part.

152. *At Parting*.—x.

- 1 As the sun's enlivening eye,
 Shines on every place the same;
 So the Lord is always nigh
 To the souls that love his name.

- 2 When they move at duty's call,
 He is with them by the way;
 He is ever with them all,
 Those who go and those who stay.
- 3 From his holy mercy-seat
 Nothing can their souls confine;
 Still in spirit they may meet,
 And in sweet communion join.
- 4 For a season call'd to part,
 Let us then ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever present friend.
- 5 Jesus, hear our humble pray'r,
 Tender shepherd of thy sheep;
 Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.
- 6 In thy strength may we be strong,
 Sweeten every cross and pain;
 Give us, if we live, ere long
 Here to meet in peace again.
- 7 Then if thou thy help afford,
 Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
 And our souls shall praise the Lord
 Who our poor petitions heard.

153. *The Uncertainty of Life.*—w.

- 1 Thee we adore, Eternal name,
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms are we.
- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we stay,
 We're travelling to the grave.
- 3 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground
 To push us to the tomb;
 And fierce diseases wait around
 To hurry mortals home.

4 Great God! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things!
 The eternal state of all the dead,
 Upon life's feeble strings.

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
 To walk this dangerous road;
 And if our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God!

154. *The Soul that loves God, finds Him every where.*—c.

(Translated by Cowper.)

1 O thou! by long experience tried,
 Near whom no grief can long abide;
 Dear Lord, how full of sweet content
 I pass my years of banishment!

2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
 To souls impress'd with sacred love:
 Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee,
 In heav'n, on earth, or on the sea.

3 To me remains nor place, nor time,
 My country is in ev'ry clime;
 I can be calm and free from care
 On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
 The soul finds happiness in none,
 But with a God to guide our way,
 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

5 Could I be cast where thou art not,
 That were indeed a dreadful lot!
 But regions none remote I call,
 Secure of finding God in all.

6 My country, Lord, art thou alone,
 Nor other can I claim or own;
 The point where all my wishes meet,
 My law, my love, life's only sweet.

7 Ah, then! to his embrace repair,
 My soul, thou art no stranger there;
 There love divine shall be thy guard,
 And peace and safety thy reward.

155. *Thoughts on the Sea Shore.*—*κ.*

- 1 In ev'ry object here, I see
 Something, O Lord, that leads to thee;
 Firm as the rock thy promise stands,
 Thy mercies countless as the sands;
 Thy love a sea immensely wide,
 Thy grace an ever-flowing tide.
- 2 In ev'ry object here, I see
 Something, my heart, that points at thee;
 Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
 Unfruitful as the barren sand;
 Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
 And like the tides in constant motion.

156. *Luther's Hymn.*

- 1 'Tis not too hard, too high an aim,
 Secure thy part in Christ to claim;
 The sensual instinct to control,
 And warm with purer fires the soul.
 Nature will raise up all her strife,
 Foe to the flesh-abasing life,
 Loth in a Saviour's death to share,
 Her daily cross compell'd to bear;
 But grace omnipotent at length
 Shall arm the saint with saving strength;
 Through the sharp war with aids attend,
 And his long conflict sweetly end.
- 2 Act but the infant's gentle part,
 Give up to love thy willing heart;
 No fondest parent's tender breast
 Yearn's like thy God's to make thee blest:
 Taught its dear mother soon to know,
 The simplest babe its love can show,
 Bid bashful, servile fear retire,
 The task no labour will require.
- 3 The sovereign Father, good and kind,
 Wants but to have his child resigned;
 Wants but thy yielded heart, no more—
 With his rich gifts of grace to store.

- He to thy soul no anguish brings,
 From thy own stubborn will it springs;
 That foe but crucify, thy bane,
 Nought shalt thou know of frowns or pain.
- 4 Shake from thy soul, o'erwhelm'd, deprest,
 Th' incumbering load that galls its rest;
 That wastes her strength with bondage vain!
 With courage break th' enslaving chain!
 Let faith exert its conquering power;
 Say, in thy fearing, trembling hour,
 "Father! thy pitying aid impart!"
 'Tis done; a sign can reach his heart.
- 5 Yet if, more earnest plaints to raise,
 Awhile his succours he delays;
 Though his kind hand thou canst not feel,
 The smart let lenient patience heal;
 Or if corruption's strength prevail,
 And oft thy pilgrim footstep fail,
 Lift for his grace thy louder cries,
 So shalt thou cleansed and stronger rise.
- 6 If haply still thy mental shade
 Deep as the midnight's gloom be made,
 On the sure, faithful arm divine
 Firm let thy fast'ning trust recline.
 The gentlest Sire, the best of friends,
 To thee, nor loss nor harm intends;
 Though tost on the most boist'rous main,
 No wreck thy vessel shall sustain.
 Should there remain of rescuing grace
 No glimpse, no shadow left to trace,
 Hear thy Lord's voice; "'Tis Jesus' will;"—
 Believe, thou dark lost pilgrim, still.
- 7 Then thy sad night of terrors past,
 Though the dread season long may last,
 Sweet peace shall from the smiling skies
 Like a new dawn before thee rise;
 Then shall thy faith's firm grounds appear,
 Its eyes shall view salvation clear,
 Be hence encouraged more, when tried,
 On the best Father to confide.

- O my too blind, but nobler part,
 Be moved! Be won by these, my heart!
 See of how rich a lot, how bless'd,
 The true believer stands possessed!
- 8 Come, backward soul! to God resign;
 Peace, his best blessing, shall be thine;
 Boldly recumbent on his care,
 Cast thy full burden only there.

157. *Religion.*

- 1 O blest religion, heavenly fair,
 Thy kind, thy healing pow'r
 Can sweeten pain, alleviate care,
 And gild each gloomy hour.
- 2 When dismal thoughts, and boding fears,
 The trembling heart invade,
 And all the face of nature wears
 An universal shade.
- 3 Thy sacred dictates can assuage
 The tempest of my soul:
 The fiercest storm shall lose its rage
 At thy divine control.
- 4 Through life's bewilder'd darksome way,
 Thy hand unerring leads;
 And o'er the path thy heav'nly ray
 A cheering lustre sheds.
- 5 When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
 Sinks helpless and afraid,
 Thou best Supporter of the mind,
 How pow'rful is thy aid!
- 6 Oh! let my heart confess thy pow'r,
 And find thy sweet relief,
 To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,
 To soften ev'ry grief.

158. *The Child.*—*N.*

- 1 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;
 Make me teachable and mild;
 Upright, simple, free from art;
 Make me as a weaned child;—

From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.

What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone.
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my father, guard, and guide.
- 4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promis'd hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

159. *On the same Subject.*—Ps. xxiii. 28.—H.

- 1 As when a child, secure of harms,
Hangs at the mother's breast;
Safe folded in her anxious arms,
Receiving food and rest;
While through many a painful path
The travelling parent speeds;
The fearless babe, with passive faith,
Lies still and yet proceeds.
- 2 Should some short start his quiet break,
He fondly strives to fling
His little arms about her neck,
And closer seems to cling:
Poor child, maternal love alone
Preserves thee first and last;
Thy parents arms, and not thine own
Are those that hold thee fast.

- 3 So souls that would to Jesus cleave,
 And hear his secret call,
 Must every fair pretension leave,
 And let the Lord be all;
 "Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep,
 The Shepherd softly cries,
 "Lord, tell me what 'tis close to keep,"
 The listening sheep replies.
- 4 "Thy whole dependence on me fix;
 "Nor entertain a thought
 "Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix,
 "But venture to be nought:
 "Fond self-direction is a shelf,
 "Thy strength, thy wisdom, flee:
 "When thou art nothing in thyself,
 "Thou then art close to me."

160. *Home in View.*—N.

- 1 As when the weary traveller gains
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,
 His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
 He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 While he surveys the much lov'd spot,
 He slights the space that lies between;
 His past fatigues are now forgot,
 Because his journey's end is seen.
- 3 Thus when the christian pilgrim views,
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
 No more he grieves for troubles past,
 Nor any future trials fears,
 So he may safe arrive at last.
- 5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
 With Jesus in the realms of day;
 Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
 And he shall wipe my tears away.

- 6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
 To lead us on to thine abode ;
 Assur'd our home will make amends,
 For all our toil upon the road.

161. *Retirement.*—c.

- 1 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
 From strife and tumult far ;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree ;
 And seem by thy sweet bounty made,
 For those who follow thee.
- 3 There if thy spirit touch my soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays ;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of light divine,
 And (all harmonious names in one,)
 My Saviour, thou art mine !
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
 A boundless, endless store,
 Shall echo through the realms above,
 When time shall be no more.

162. *Deliverance from Egypt.*—κ.

- 1 From Egypt lately come,
 Where death and darkness reign,
 We seek our new and better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain.
- 2 To Canaan's sacred bound
 We haste with songs of joy !
 Where peace and liberty are found,
 And sweets that never cloy.

- 3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And ev'ry conflict's o'er ;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
- 4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptur'd myriads sing ;
There love in ev'ry bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.
- 5 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share ;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransom'd there.
- 6 How sweet the prospect is !
It cheers the pilgrim's breast ;
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.

163. *The World no continuing City.*—κ

- 1 " We've no abiding city here :"
This may distress the worldling's mind ;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 " We've no abiding city here ;"
Sad truth, were this to be our home ;
But, let the thought our spirits cheer,
" We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 " We've no abiding city here ;"
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 " We've no abiding city here ;"
We seek a city out of sight ;
Zion its name ; the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 Oh ! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil, are bless'd !
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd flee to thee, and be at rest.

- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine !
 The time my God appoints is best,
 While here, to do his will be mine,
 And *his* to fix my time of rest.

164. "*The Spirit shall return to God.*"—K.

- 1 Away ! thou dying saint away !
 Fly to the mansions of the blest ;
 Thy God no more requires thy stay ;
 He calls thee to eternal rest.
- 2 Thy toils at length have reach'd a close ;
 No more remains for thee to do ;
 Away, away to thy repose,
 Beyond the reach of sin and wo.
- 3 Away to yonder realms of light,
 Where multitudes, redeem'd with blood,
 Enjoy the beatific sight,
 And dwell for ever with their God.
- 4 Go, mix with them and share their joy ;
 In heav'n behold the sinner's friend ;
 In pleasures share that never cloy,
 In pleasures that will never end.
- 5 And may our happy portion be,
 To join thee in the realms above ;
 The glory of our Lord to see,
 And sing his everlasting love.

165. *On Death.*—c.

- 1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone ;
 O ! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
 And waft me away to his throne !
- 2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
 Whom not having seen I adore,
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and pow'r ;
- 3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
 My soul from its portion in thee,
 And strike off this adamant chain,
 And set me eternally free.

- 4 When that happy æra begins,
 When array'd in thy beauties I shine,
 Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
 The bosom on which I recline ;
- 5 O ! then shall the veil be remov'd,
 And round me new glories be pour'd,
 I shall meet thee, whom absent I lov'd,
 I shall see, whom unseen I ador'd.
- 6 And then never more shall the fears,
 The trials, temptations, and woes,
 Which sadden this valley of tears,
 Intrude on my blissful repose.
- 7 Or, be they remember'd above,
 Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;
 They'll be but new signs of thy love,
 New themes for my wonder and praise.
- 8 Then the stroke that from sin and from pain,
 Shall set me eternally free,
 Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
 That binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

166. *Death the Passage to Immortality.*—P.

- 1 Death's but a path that must be trod,
 If man would ever pass to God ;
 A port of calms, a state of ease,
 From the rough rage of swelling seas.
- 2 As men who long in prison dwell,
 With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
 Whene'er their suffering years are run,
 Spring forth to greet the glittering sun ;
- 3 Such joy, though far transcending sense,
 Have pious souls at parting hence !
 On earth, and in the body plac'd,
 A few, and evil years, they waste ;
- 4 But when their chains are cast aside,
 See the bright scene unfolding wide,
 Clap the glad wing and tower away,
 And mingle with the blaze of day :

167. "*To die is gain.*" Phil. i. 21.—x.

- 1 When musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will,
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And will not suffer still.
- 3 It is that hope with ardour glows
To see him face to face,
Whose dying love not language knows
Sufficient art to trace.
- 4 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path to realms of light,
And longs with eagles' plumes to rise
And lose herself in sight.
- 5 It is that anxious virtue feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
Sees, tho' afar, the hand that heals,
And ends the war within.
- 6 Oh for a wide expanding flight
From human ills to flee,
And rise where, thron'd in heav'nly light,
My Saviour I shall see.

168. *The End of Time.*—c. w.

- 1 Happy soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning hours below;
Go, by angel-guards attended,
To thy waiting Saviour go.
- 2 Anxious to receive thy spirit,
Lo, Emmanuel dwells above;
Pleads the value of his merit,
Offers thee the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
Let no fear alarm thy breast;
God shall bring thee full salvation;
God shall give thee endless rest.

- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain ;
 Die, to live the life of glory;
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

169. *Launching into Eternity.*—w.

It was a brave attempt ! adventurous he
 Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea,
 And leaving his dear native shores behind,
 Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
 I see the surging brine : the tempest raves,
 He on the pine-plank rides across the waves,
 Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves ;
 He steers the winged boat and shifts the sails,
 Conquers the flood and manages the gales.
 Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land,
 Fearless when the great Master gives command.
 Death is the storm: she smiles to hear it roar,
 And bids the tempest waft her from the shore,
 Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
 And manages the raging storm with ease; [wings
 (Her faith can govern Death) she spreads her
 Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
 And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
 As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
 The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies.
 Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
 She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
 The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

170. *The New Jerusalem.*—w.

- 1 Come all whoe'er have set
 Your faces Zion-ward;
 In Jesus let us meet,
 And praise our common Lord;
 In Jesus let us still go on,
 Till all appear before his throne.
- 2 Nearer and nearer still,
 We to our country come;
 To that celestial hill,
 The weary pilgrim's home;

- The new Jerusalem above,
 The seat of everlasting love.
- 3 The peace and joy of faith,
 Each moment may we feel,
 Redeem'd from sin and wrath,
 From earth, and death, and hell;
 We to our Father's house repair,
 To meet our gracious Saviour there.

171. *Future Judgment.*—w.

- 1 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart,
 Eternal things impress;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.
- 2 Before me place in dread array
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come,
 To call the wand'rer from afar,
 To judge the people at thy bar,
 To fix th' eternal doom.
- 3 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear
 Eternal bliss t' insure;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.
- 4 Then Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale to live
 And reign with thee above;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full supreme delight
 And everlasting love.

172. *The last Judgment.*—w. s.

- 1 The day of wrath, that dreadful day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day?

- 2 When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;
- 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

173. *Written in Illness.*—T.

My Meditation of Him shall be sweet.—Ps. civ. 34.

- 1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'rings paid.
- 5 Sweet on his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His spirit's quick'ning breath.
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

- 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
 And know no will but his.
- 8 Sweet to rejoice, in lively hope
 That, when my change shall come,
 Angels shall hover round my bed,
 And waft my spirit home.
- 9 Then shall my dis-imprison'd soul
 View Jesus and adore;
 Be with his likeness satisfied,
 And grieve and sin no more.
- 10 Soon too my slumb'ring dust shall hear
 The trumpet's quick'ning sound;
 And by my Saviour's pow'r rebuilt,
 At his right hand be found.
- 11 These eyes shall see him in that day,
 The God that died for me;
 And all my rising bones shall say,
 Lord, who is like to thee.
- 12 If such the views which grace unfolds,
 Weak as it is below,
 What raptures must the church above,
 In Jesus' presence know.
- 13 If such the sweetness of the stream,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Immediately from thee?
- 14 Oh, may the unction of these truths
 For ever with me stay:
 Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd,
 My spirit flies away.
174. *All Good to be found in the Creator.*
- 1 Oh Lord, I would delight in thee,
 And on thy care depend,
 To thee in every trouble flee,
 My best and only friend.

- 2 When all created streams are dry,
Thy goodness is the same,
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear.
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee,
I must have all things and abound,
If God be God to me.
- 5 Oh Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and serve thee more.

175. *Happiness Found.*

- 1 Happiness, thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat, oh tell me where ?
Learning, pleasure, wealth and fame,
All cry out "It is not here:"
Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies,
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.
- 2 Object of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire
Only to be found in thee;
Thee to praise and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below ;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.
- 3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny ;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die ;

Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows ;
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are if thou art mine.

- 4 Whilst I feel thy love to me,
 Ev'ry object teems with joy ;
Here, oh may I walk with thee,
 Then into thy presence die !
Let me but thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness !
Real bliss I then shall prove ;
Heaven below, and heaven above.

176. *Consolation from the Atonement of Christ.*—J. W.

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding sacrifice
 In my behalf appears :
Before the throne my surety stands ;
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede ;
His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead ;
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv'd on Calvary :
They pour effectual pray'rs,
 They strongly speak for me :
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die."
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed one :
He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son :
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconcil'd,
 His pard'ning voice I hear ;

He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear:
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

177. *On the same subject.—c.*

- 1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend ;
 Life and health and peace possessing
 From the sinner's dying friend.
 Here I'd set for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood,
 Precious drops my soul bedewing
 Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 Gazing here I'd spend my breath;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death:
 Lord in ceaseless contemplation
 Fix my heart and eyes on thine,
 Till I taste thy whole salvation,
 Where unveil'd thy glories shine !

THE END.

INDEX.

	PAGE
A glance from heaven with sweet effect	Newton 162
Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near	Fawcett 125
Almighty Maker of my frame	Steele 35
Almighty Power! amazing are thy ways	Scott 34
And is the gospel peace and love	Steele 89
Arise, my soul, arise	Wesley 181
Arise, my soul, with joy arise	144
As I linger'd last night	Rolleston 153
As needles point towards the pole	Newton 161
As pants the hart for cooling springs	Merrick 36
As some tall rock amidst the waves	Newton 57
As the sun's enlivening eye	163
As when a child, secure of harms	Hart 169
As when the weary traveller gains	Newton 170
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	Kenn 19
Away, thou dying saint, away	Kelly 173
Be still, my heart, these anxious cares	Newton 125
Be with me, Lord, where'er I go	14
Be you to others kind and true	Watts 8
Begin, my soul, the exalted lay	Ogilvie 74
Behold the morning sun	Watts 154
Behold where breathing love divine	Barbault 135
Behold where in a mortal form	Enfield 88
Beset with snares on every hand	Doddridge 81
Bestow, dear Lord, upon our youth	Cowper 111
Bitter indeed the waters are	Newton 25
Blest are the humble souls that see	Watts 137
Blest be the dear uniting love	C. Wesley 163
Blinded in youth by Satan's arts	Cowper 159
Breathe from the gentle south, O Lord	Cowper 106
By faith in Christ I walk with God	Newton 21
By various maxims, forms, and rules	63
By whom was David taught	Cowper 27
Cease here longer to detain me	Cecil 155
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	Toplady 145
Come all whoe'er have set	Wesley 176

	PAGE
Come blessed Spirit, source of light	Beddome 94
Come, descend, O heav'nly Spirit	93
Come, heavenly peace of mind	I. R. 134
Come, holy celestial dove	94
Come, holy Spirit, come	95
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	Newton 29
Come, thou long expected Jesus	76
Come, thou universal blessing	C. Wesley 22
Compar'd with Christ, in all beside	81
Constrain'd by their Lord to embark	Newton 54
Courage, my soul, behold the prize	128
Darkness overspreads us here	58
Dear refuge of my weary soul	Steele 68
Death's but a path that must be trod	Parnell 174
Deep are the wounds which sin has made	Steele 84
Ere God had built the mountains	Cowper 43
Faith 'tis a precious grace	Beddome 132
Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone	Watts 117
Far from the narrow scenes of night	Steele 18
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee	Cowper 171
Father of all, whose seat of rest	Merrick 109
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	Steele 139
Fierce passions discompose the mind	Newton 59
Fix my heart and eyes on thine	127
Fountain of blessing, ever blest	Beddome 3
From all that dwell below the skies	Watts 96
From Egypt lately come	Kelly 171
Glorious things of thee are spoken	Newton 48
Glory to thee, my God, this night	Kenn 19
Go worship at Immanuel's feet	Watts 85
God is a spirit just and wise	17
God moves in a mysterious way	Cowper 119
God of my life, through all its days	Doddridge 43
God of my life, to thee I call	Cowper 123
God of love, that hear'st the prayer	69
Gracious Lord, our children see	Cowper 111
Great God, let thy constraining pow'r	Opie 118
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	68
Hail! thou once despised Jesus	90
Happiness, thou lovely name	180
Happy soul! thy days are ended	C. Wesley 175
Happy soul! who, free from harms	82
Happy the child whose early years	Watts 5
Happy the meek whose gentle breast	Scott 138
Happy the soul whose wishes climb	Steele 131
Hark, a voice! it cries from heav'n	Kelly 64
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord	Cowper 55
Heal us, Immanuel, here we are	25
Hear what God the Lord hath spoken	50
His master taken from his head	158

Holy Ghost, whose fire celestial	-	-	93
Honey though the bee prepares	-	Newton	47
How are thy servants blest, O Lord	-	Addison	70
How blest is he who ne'er consents	-		33
How blest is the child of the Lord	-	J. J. G.	152
How blest thy creature is, O God	-	Cowper	129
How blest the union, how divine	-		90
How doth the little busy bee	-	Watts	6
How fair is the rose, what a beautiful flow'r	-		13
How fine has the day been	-		14
How glorious is our heav'nly King	-		2
How many of their wisdom boast	-	- Kelly	32
How pleasant, how divinely fair	-	Watts	114
How pleasing is the scene, how sweet	-		42
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	-	Newton	47
How sweet thy dwellings, Lord, how fair	-	Merrick	39
How sweet to leave the world awhile	-	Kelly	117
How tedious and tasteless the hours	-	Newton	39
Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber	-	Watts	11
I am fond of the swallow	-	Guion	17
I ask'd the Lord that I might grow	-	Newton	121
I sing th' almighty power of God	-	Watts	3
I thirst, but not as once I did	-	Cowper	113
Jesu, my Saviour, in thy face	-	Venn	77
Jesus, and shall it ever be	-	Gregg	87
Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour	-	Taylor	15
Jesus gives us free repentance	-		86
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee	-	C. Wesley	138
Jesus, refuge of my soul	-	C. Wesley	80
Jesus, my strength, my hope	-		104
Jesus, still will I adore thee	-	J. J. G.	158
Jesus, the shepherd of the sheep	-	Kelly	83
Jesus, we thy promise claim	-		115
Jesus, where'er thy people meet	-	Cowper	114
Jesus, who art my soul's delight	-	Beddome	77
If our warfare be laborious	-	Kelly	65
If Solomon for wisdom pray'd	-	Newton	30
Immortal King! through earth's wide frame	-	Merrick	69
In ev'ry object here I see	-	Newton	166
In vain my fancy strives to paint	-		156
Join ev'ry tongue to praise the Lord	-	Watts	15
Joy is a fruit that will not grow	-	Newton	31
Israel in ancient days	-	Cowper	61
It was a brave attempt! adventurous he	-	Watts	176
Let deepest silence all around	-	J. J. G.	118
Let dogs delight to bark and bite	-	Watts	5
Life is a span, a fleeting hour	-	Steele	154
Light of those whose dreary dwelling	-		79
Lord, do thou thy grace impart	-		137
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see	-	Watts	9
Lord, I have pass'd another day	-	Taylor	2
Lord make me faithful to my call	-		142
Lord of hosts, how lovely fair	-		116
Lord, teach a little child to pray	-	Ryland	1

	PAGE
Lord, that I may learn of thee	C. Wesley 136
Lord, thou hast been thy children's God	Steele 73
Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me through	Watts 13
Love divine, all love excelling	Wesley 131
Love God with all your soul and strength	Watts 10
Manna to Israel well supplied	Newton 26
Martha her love and joy express'd	53
May the grace of Christ our Saviour	59
Mighty God, while angels bless thee	Robinson 78
My Father, I thank thee for sleep	Taylor 1
My God, all nature owns thy sway	Williams 97
My God, how endless is thy love	Watts 101
My God, who makes the sun to know	7
My song shall bless the Lord of all	Cowper 87
My soul, this curious house of clay	Newton 128
No longer I follow a sound	152
Now for awhile aside I'll lay	Doddridge 16
Now may he who from the dead	Newton 107
Now may fervent prayer arise	115
O blest religion, heavenly fair	168
O David's son, and David's Lord	Newton 30
O God, mine inmost soul convert	Wesley 177
O God, my sun, thy blissful rays	66
O God of Zion! from thy throne	37
O God, our help in ages past	Watts 71
O God, whose thunder shakes the sky	Chatterton 140
O Lord, incline thy gracious ear	107
O Lord, my best desire fulfil	Cowper 141
O thou, by long experience tried	Guion 165
O thou, from whom all goodness flows	Haweis 124
O thou that hearest pray'r	116
O thou that hear'st when sinners cry	Watts 36
O thou, to whose all-searching sight	110
Of all the gifts thine hand bestows	Cowper 100
Oft as the bell with solemn toll	Newton 159
Oh! for a closer walk with God	Cowper 20
Oh! for a heart to praise the Lord	Wesley 143
Oh! had I the wings of a dove	Kelly 37
Oh! how I love thy holy word	Cowper 121
Oh Lord, I would delight in thee	179
O thou, whose power o'er moving	Dr. Johnson 106
One awful word which Jesus spoke	Newton 52
Out of the deeps of long distress	Watts 41
Pleasing spring again is here	Newton 149
Praise to God, immortal praise	Barbauld 99
Praise to th' almighty Lord of heaven arise	Scott 74
Praise to thy name, eternal God	Doddridge 143
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	Montgomery 103
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	Newton 165

Rejoice for a brother deceas'd	-	-	-	157
Rock of ages cleft for me	-	-	Toplady	78
Sleep, downy sleep, come close mine eyes			Flexman	145
Soft season of repose	-	-	Scott	146
Sons of men, behold him far	-	-	Wesley	76
Spirit of purity and love	-	-		92
Submissive to thy will my God	-	-		142
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	-	-	Watts	96
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	-	-	Cecil	182
That day of wrath, that dreadful day			Walter Scott	177
The billows swell, the winds are high	-	-	Cowper	122
The evils that beset our path	-	-	Newton	46
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	-	-	Addison	35
The Lord receives his highest praise	-	-	Cowper	133
The Lord will happiness divine	-	-		49
The saints should never be dismay'd	-	-		24
The spacious firmament on high	-	-	Addison	34
The spirit breathes upon the word	-	-	Cowper	151
The sun that walks his airy way	-	-	Parnell	99
The whole creation can afford	-	-	Watts	84
Thee we adore, eternal Name	-	-	Watts	164
There is a God that reigns above	-	-		8
These emmets, how little they are in our eyes				10
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love			Doddridge	119
This God is the God we adore	-	-	Hart	101
Thou hidden love of God, whose height			C. Wesley	133
Thou holy paschal Lamb	-	-		83
Thou power supreme, whose mighty scheme			Burns	141
Thou Shepherd of Israel divine	-	-	C. Wesley	91
Though all these things substantial seem			Kelly	58
Though cloudy skies and northern blasts	-	-	Newton	149
Though troubles assail	-	-		22
Thrice ev'ry day on bended knee	-	-	J. J. G.	108
Through all the dangers of the night	-	-	Kelly	32
Thus wisdom speaks aloud, and yet	-	-		44
Thy piercing eye, O God, surveys	-	-	Doddridge	153
Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design	-	-	Rothwell	67
Time, with an unwearied hand	-	-	Newton	148
'Tis a point I long to know	-	-		56
'Tis my happiness below	-	-	Cowper	120
'Tis not too hard, too high an aim	-	-	Luther	166
'Tis the voice of the sluggard	-	-	Watts	12
To God the Father and the Son	-	-		101
To God the only wise	-	-	Watts	99
To Jesus the crown of my hope	-	-	Cowper	173
To thy pastures fair and large	-	-	Merrick	72
To wait for that important day	-	-	Kelly	60
Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will	-	-	Beddome	67
Watch not o'er these alone, O Lord	-	-	Opie	113
We've no abiding city here	-	-	Kelly	172
What joy ! while thus I view the day	-	-	Merrick	40
What now is my object and aim ?	-	-		105
What think ye of Christ ? is the test	-	-	Newton	51

	PAGE
What though my frail eyelids refuse	Toplady 160
What various hindrances we meet	Cowper 112
Whatever brawls disturb the street	Watts 6
When all thy mercies, O my God	Addison 102
When any turn from Zion's way	Newton 55
When darkness long has veil'd my mind	Cowper 123
When first my soul enlisted	Newton 28
When gathering clouds around I view	139
When I can read my title clear	Watts 135
When langour and disease invade	Toplady 178
When marshall'd on the nightly plain	H. K. White 91
When musing sorrow weeps the past	Noel 175
When restless on my bed I lie	146
When the sun with cheerful beams	Newton 162
Whene'er I take my walks abroad	Watts 4
While I lived without the Lord	Newton 130
While in the world we still remain	Kelly 63
While thee I seek, protecting power	Turner 98
While, with ceaseless course, the sun	Newton 147
Whilst lost in universal dream	J. J. G. 151
Why, O my heart, these anxious cares?	Stennett 126
Why should I love my sport so well?	Watts 7
Why should our garments, made to hide	8
With joy we meditate the grace	85
Ye saints whose tears now often flow	Kelly 63
Ye worlds of light that roll so near	Beddome 65
Yes, thou art fled,	J. Cunningham 155
Zion, the city of our God	Newton 59



